FOR MEN

AND MEN ONLY!

PRICE 25c
JUNE

THE BROUN GROWS BOLDER
BY
HEYWOOD BROUN

•

LEONARD HALL
BERT ACOSTA
BOB CONSIDINE
ROBERT CARSE
CHARLES WASHBURN

JAMES TREMBATH

"But, darling—not a sit-down strike on our honeymoon!"

FOR MEN
AND MEN ONLY!

Vol. I, No. III
June, 1937

Fred J. Feldkamp
Editor

CONTENTS

The Broun Grows Bolder	*Heywood Broun*	2
I Flew for Spain and Gold	*Bert Acosta*	7
Your Mistress, and How to Keep Her	*Anonymous*	15
They Die Healthy	*J. D. Ratcliff*	21
Punchdrunk Pugs	*Bob Considine*	27
Misunderstood Male of the Month	*William Birnie*	35
Man to Man		42
The Great Nipponese Mystery	*Matt Walker*	47
Grade-A Mugg	*Anton J. Meloy*	54
Let's Hang Together	*Leonard Hall*	62
Prison Ship	*Robert Carse*	71
A Wastrel Rejoices	*Loring Dowst*	77
Ballyhooligans	*Charles Washburn*	85
Didoes of a Dipso	*Hilton Smyth*	93
Making Love-Making Pay	*Anonymous*	99
I Smell	*Jack Hanley*	106
Sports Writer's Heroes	*James A. Burchard*	111
Who the Hell Started This?	*Ted Cooper*	116
Purveyors of Pornography	*Gene Harvey*	124
Books for Men	*Tom DeVane*	129
P. S.	*The Editors*	135

Cartoons by d'Alessio, Trembath, Floherty, Jr., Wolfe, Green, Beck, Dell, Willard, Godal, Beaven, Berry, Lariar, Schus, Roth, Nofziger, Hilton.

Ralph Daigh—Managing Editor

FOR MEN—AND MEN ONLY is published monthly by Popular Magazines, Inc., 22 W. Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn. Editorial office, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Application for entry as second class matter under the act of March 3, 1879, made at the post office, Philadelphia, Pa.; additional entry applied for at Greenwich, Conn. Contents copyrighted, 1937. Title registration applied for in U. S. Patent Office. Printed in U. S. A.

THE BROUN GROWS BOLDER

A True Confession

By HEYWOOD BROUN

THE VERY first school which I attended was co-educational and there were girls galore all about up to the time I went to college. According to well established theories, the lad who meets the members of the opposite sex in his infancy will grow up to maturity unperturbed by timidity and bashfulness. It is held that the gauche get that way from having been isolated in their younger days. As a matter of fact I think the theory is sound, but unfortunately I've turned out to be one of those unhappy exceptions whose chief function in life is to prove a rule by indirection.

I don't mean that the sight of girls threw me into a panic when I was six or even sixteen. They sat in the same classes with boys, and when we recited it would usually be in rotation. The teacher for instance might say, "Heywood, will you please translate the first three stanzas?" For the most part I would pick up my Virgil and answer, "Not prepared." And then the teacher would call on Alice or Dorothy and the bright little miss would proceed to show me up as an oaf by galloping ahead as briskly as if she were Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

The same thing was true in the English classes. Educational methods may have changed since I was a child, but back in the nineties (and they were not so gay as people tell you) the little scholar who wrote the longest composition was the best writer. And the girls could just write reams and reams around us. Even then they constituted the leisure class and we were the workers. After the final bell rang I was not a free man. School spirit still held me in its punishing grip and I was compelled to go to the playing fields where efforts were made to teach me to die for dear old Horace Mann in football or in basketball. Although I earned my school letters twice I was not so very good and I kept my health somehow.

But hot or cold there I was slaving away for the honor of the school while the girls were intent upon their homework which did nothing more than magnify their personal prestige. It seemed to me a most unfair arrangement. I too might have learned to make classy translations of Virgil if my

time had not been so taken up in running through signals. Undoubtedly I chose the poorer part; I should have fallen on Latin rather than on the elusive pigskin.

Of course, there were social activities in our co-educational paradise. As I remember there was always a class tea or dance or occasionally a theatre party. And yet these get-togethers still left me far apart. They were too formal in tone to furnish a timid lad with much opportunity for breaking down reticence and reserve. The guest who edged himself over into a corner generally found no great difficulty in remaining there. I fell between two stools because I was insufficiently distinguished in letters, and strictly substitute material among the athletes.

But the most punishing part of high school social life lay in the fact that once a year the sorority gave a dance, and naturally it was the privilege of the girls to ask the boys. This was a sort of tap day. Not more than twenty-five or thirty could be chosen. You stood at the judgment seat. Either you got into the Social Register or you were cast into outer darkness. I never made the grade. I didn't expect to make the grade and yet each year I hoped vainly against hope. One sometimes wins on a lottery ticket even though he knows the odds are vastly against him.

Looking back on it all I have no fair complaints to make. The girls who failed to ask me to the annual dance didn't miss much; the more public festivals proved I was no great bargain at the waltz. Indeed the only dance I ever mastered was the two-step, and that in somewhat fragmentary fashion. The business of reversing had me stumped and for a couple of seasons I whirled invariably in the same direction. From left to right as I remember. Later there was a slight improvement but even so I found it necessary to warn my partner, "I think I'm going to reverse now."

Getting to college was in the nature of a release. At Harvard one could take the girls or let them alone, particularly if he stayed off Columbus Avenue, in Boston, after dark. As a freshman I experienced my first great crush and it might have served to lift me out of the ranks of the pariahs but for one unfortunate episode. The girl who was the object of my affections stood six-feet-one in her stocking feet, I believe. With heels we were head to head. She was studying to be a violinist and in order to work her way through the New England Conservatory of Music she took a job in a hotel orchestra. Practically every night I would call and see her to her home. One night early in June we took the long way which went through a little park by the Charles River. I suggested that we sit down on a bench. This was Spring and my birthday. Sooner or later every man is supposed to kiss a girl. Responsibility could

no longer be avoided. Already we were on terms of holding hands. But when I sought promotion she turned her head. It did not seem as though she were angry. As the regular center of the Freshman basketball team it seemed to me that I was entitled to make my first try at being a cave man. But when I attempted to kiss her this time the young violinist gave me a push with the right hand which she used in playing the violin. And suddenly I wasn't sitting on the bench any more but sprawled on the back of my neck in the middle of the concrete walk.

I got up and dusted myself off and took the young lady home. We never met again. I wasn't mad myself and I still believe that she was only being playful. And yet the whole incident had redoubled my feeling of inferiority. Never since that moment have I ever tried to be a cave man and in my Sophomore year I failed to make the basketball team.

But about this time I met a man who led me to new and glamorous experiences. His name was Duffy, and he knew a girl in a show and she knew a friend in the same show. If I would pay for the supper party he would introduce me and make all the arrangements. Cambridge was a prohibition town and, back at the turn of the century, Boston had an early closing law. You could not get a drink unless you ordered it before midnight. That of course was an out. At one of the taverns of the town a generous management supplied a private dining room for nothing if only the students would obligate themselves for a sufficiently large order from the bar.

Duffy asked me what my favorite drink was and after some hesitation and trepidation I said that I thought I'd take a claret lemonade. Having just been dropped from the basketball squad, it seemed no more than fair to break training. Duffy asked how many claret lemonades I wanted, and under this prompting I raised the request to a couple although naturally I had some fear that such a binge might bring out the beast in me. Borrowing twenty dollars, Duffy departed to make ready for the saturnalia. And at the appointed time I showed up and was ushered into a small room where a table stood bearing upon its surface two ham sandwiches, two orders of chicken a la king, six claret lemonades, four sloe gin fizzes, and a mixed drink which I later got to know as a "Ward Eight."

Duffy and two girls from "Mr. Hamlet of Broadway" were already present. They were mild and amiable and I sat sedately ten feet away from the one who was introduced to me as Octavia. Duffy sat with Maxie and quite a little closer. Indeed in rather flagrant fashion he put his arm about her waist. I had barely started on my third claret lemonade when the quarrel began. It

"Look, flatfoot, 'J-O-H-N S-M-I-T-H', tattooed on my chest! Now are you satisfied?"

was none of my doing. And even now I feel that Duffy was tactless in the query which provoked the misunderstanding and far too harsh in evaluating the reply. During a lull in the conversation, Duffy said, "Maxie if I were sitting right beside you as I am now and on the other side there was a million dollars and you had to choose between me and the million dollars which would you take?"

Octavia and I waited with bated breath for the answer to this transcendental question. We didn't have to wait long. "I'd take the million dollars," she said.

An ugly snarl appeared upon the face of Duffy. "Just a gold digger," he remarked bitterly. That really wasn't fair. The whole thing was academic. After all no million dollars sat at Maxie's left elbow. But again Duffy scowled and repeated, "Just a gold digger." And then he added in even more bitter tones, "Put down that ham sandwich."

I made some feeble remonstrance. I think I said, "She didn't really mean it, Duffy. She was only fooling."

"I did mean it," Maxie insisted, "And I wouldn't eat another bite of his old ham sandwich if it killed me."

"Let's not fight," I suggested. "I like these claret lemonades. I want to finish."

"You can stay if you want," thundered Duffy. "I'm not going to hang around where I'm not wanted. And when I say 'wanted,' I mean wanted for myself alone and not just played for a sucker because I can pay for a supper."

I wondered whether I was going to get any change from the twenty dollars, and out of a natural curiosity, a sense of fear, and a slight streak of loyalty I announced that if Duffy were going

to leave I thought it would be better for me to go too.

I stood aside to let Maxie pass, but instead of going out she turned and faced me. "Your friend is a louse," she said, "but you're a nice kid. I'm not mad at you. You know how to hold your lemonade like a gentleman. Good night."

And before I could do anything about it, she leaned forward and kissed me. And then she went out. I stood there transfixed while silver bells played "Hail To The Chief" in my ears.

At last I had been graduated and summa cum laude at that. From Maxie I had learned all about women that a man need to know. The rest is silence.

I flew For Spain and Gold

By BERT ACOSTA

YES, I have been flying and fighting in the current Spanish war, "testing campaign," or whatever you want to call it. I saw this alleged "civil war" from top-side looking down, from bottom-side looking up—and a number of times I had only to look straight ahead to see slaughter at its goriest; while, by turning my head I saw the results of last week's overtime killing, corpses stacked as though for rendering.

If you want my personal opinion as to who will win the decision, one peso will get you two that the victor won't be bellicose Generalissimo Francisco Franco of the Rebels.

Not that Francisco doesn't have his points. He is undoubtedly the most promising military strategist in history. He has promised the Germans and Italians a split on the chips when he rakes them in; he has promised himself a job as top-kick dictator; it is tactfully unrecorded what he must have promised his Moors of the Foreign Legion, whose Mohammedan paradise is enthusiastically populated by *houris*. The word is pronounced the way you'd expect and it refers to the Moslem equivalent of a strip-tease artist except that they start out where Gypsy Rose finishes.

The trouble is that Francisco, whether his side wins the marbles or not, is going to have to renege on his promises. The gang is playing this war game for keeps, and if Francisco states that his promises were just good clean fun there'll be *el diablo* to pay. That's just my opinion, understand. All I know is what I *didn't* read in the papers. I saw it all as a pilot for the Loyalist air forces.

I got my ringside invitation last fall. It happens that I have been flying since 1910, when you used to sit out in front of your crate with the prop fanning your neck, and nothing between you and the ground but confidence. One way and another I've rolled up quite a slather of air hours, including wartime service with the U. S. Flying Corps, and that was probably the reason why the Spanish government offered me a flying job.

Negotiations were highly diplomatic but it soon became evident that I wasn't being kidded, and November found me in Paris with five other pilots gathered for the same assignment. Since we all became members of the Suicide Patrol, they'd better

be identified right now: Stanley Holland and Walter J. Coates, English commercial pilots, both former members of the Royal Flying Corps; Major Frederick Lord, Capt. Gordon Berry, ex-member of the Canadian Flying Corps, and Eddie Schneider, an American commercial flyer.

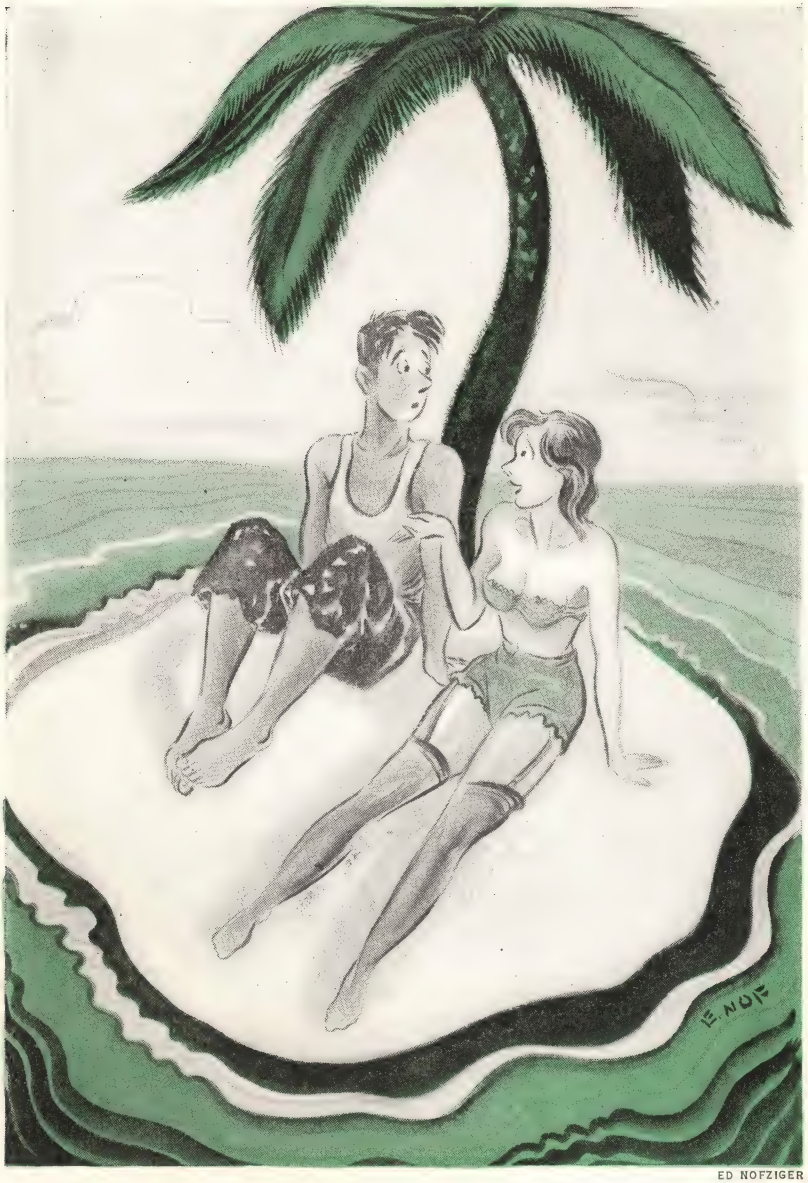
We signed contracts which gave us a semi-military status with the Spaniards. That is, we were to remain civilians but our services were to be at the disposal of the military, in return for which we were promised *mucho dinero*. The contract was in Spanish and it seems they can use smaller type in that lingo than any other language, so it's still pretty much of a mystery just what some of the provisions were. It didn't seem to matter much, for we hustled aboard a train for Toulouse, in the south of France, and were up all night with nothing to eat or drink. It was probably a plot to make us sufficiently murderous.

At the Toulouse airport there was an explosive argument with a Spanish inspector who apparently belonged to the wrong faction. When he subsided we were bundled into a tri-motored Dewoitine, one of the French transports running to Morocco via Barcelona, Valencia, and Alicante.

Starting at daybreak, the plane climbed to fifteen thousand feet to clear the Pyrenees and we flew over mountainous country which was in the hands of the Rebels. The boys take pot-shots at planes now and then as a sporting gesture, occasionally perforating a wing, but ground attack is no threat at all compared to the pilot hazard. The Frenchman at the controls of our Dewoitine developed the jitters, or maybe an inferiority complex, with half a dozen pilots in his cabin. Our landing at the Barcelona field came within an ace of being the biggest Rebel coup of the war. The ship bounced and ground-looped and it was a dirty shame that the pilot didn't understand lumberjack English. We got out of there and headed for a bar on the field where we cogitated with cognac.

Barcelona is the capital of the state of Catalonia. We were royally received and pretty soon I began to get the political drift of things. If you want to know what's what in Spain, you'll have to allow me this paragraph and charge it off to education. The province of Catalonia has for years been straining its suspenders to break away from the rest of Spain. They call 'em Separatists, and the province is really a government sufficient unto itself. It took the threat of Francisco Franco's Rebels to line up the Catalonians with the Loyalist government and to unite the communists, anarchists, socialists, and democrats into one loyal faction.

Each faction has its Jefe or commander, and for a while the



"The same thing happened to mother and father—
but a passing ship picked us up."

factions pulled in all directions like a dozen terriers working on the same shoe. They had one point in common: a bitter hatred of Fascists and Nazis. You've probably read about the firing-squad purges that took place, but few people outside of Spain know the reason. The Fascists and Nazis had their propaganda mills working overtime trying to make converts. A Spaniard is a realist and knows one efficient method for stamping out an enemy.

Carefully coached by Rebel agitators, citizens who were indiscreet enough to admit Franco favoritism paid for their rashness with their lives. The pity of it is that most such victims hadn't the faintest idea what they were dying for. Most of those Rebel converts had absorbed the propaganda of the Fascists and Nazis without digesting it. When they were lined up against a wall thick enough to stop a barrage of bullets, their principal emotion was bewilderment. They didn't know what it was all about, and thirty seconds after they were caught it didn't matter. They were blasted into oblivion and left to welter in their own blood and that of their comrades for hours.

Singularly enough, neither German nor Italian propagandists were ever found near these scenes of slaughter. There was no distinction of age or sex among the victims; men and women and youngsters alike paid the final penalty for lending an ear to the Germans and Italians who are known, in what remains of official Spanish circles, to be the principal spreaders of Rebel doctrines.

In Barcelona today the civilian who lives is the one who keeps his mouth shut. Through the crowds in the streets, in restaurants and public meeting places, circulate the Civil Guards. These are Loyalist officials who are policeman, judge, and executioner, rolled into one. They are armed; they go about their duties singly, listening for a word which may betray an unsuspecting citizen. If a fatal whisper drifts to the ear of a Civil Guard, he draws his gun, shoots down the suspect without preliminary, listens for the death rattle, and attaches an official tag to the corpse indicating the source of his demise. In due time—a day or so—the body is removed. Inquest? Investigation? Don't be silly.

This seemed pretty much like war, and I soon learned that was no misconception. It was time for us pilots to get on the job and we climbed aboard a transport for Valencia, actually landing at the seaport town of Alicante because of bad flying conditions. Alicante was in the midst of a bombing scare, for the Italians were trying to disembark troops all along the coast. They did land quite a number of soldiers under cover of night. But our orders took us

out to the northern front.

Our headquarters were established just outside Bilbao; all the territory within a hundred miles was our range.

The fun began when we were introduced to our commanding officer, a bumptious madman by the name of Gascon. He had the disposition of a rooster fed on corn mash. There was nothing, in his opinion, that we foreign pilots couldn't do. The planes given to us were dubious enough to start with—obsolete Breguets, open cockpit two-seaters, and some English cabin planes.

Most of the boys flew with an observer. There was a rifle slit cut in the roofs of the cabins and when we encountered an enemy the observer was faced with a troubling problem: should he stick the muzzle of his automatic rifle out the opening and let fly blindly, or should he stick his head out for a looksee and take a chance on its being popped off? It seemed funny, for a while, until we got our first assignment. We were to make a bombing raid over the town of Victoria, a Rebel stronghold, which had been evacuated of civilians.

Our Suicide Squadron started out light-heartedly enough. The planes had been fitted with bomb racks holding five eggs, with levers near the pilot's hand to release them. Stanley Holland, in a twin-motored Monospar, led the formation. His ship was fast and he got ahead of the group. That worried me; it was dangerous business, for there were plenty of Rebel planes in the vicinity.

Then it happened. Out of nowhere a squadron of German Henkels came swarming to the attack. They were behind Holland, and a little below him. He never saw them, never knew what hit him. Machine-gun bullets sprayed his ship like water from a hose. He must have been killed instantly, with his observer, for his ship fluttered, lost altitude, plunged to earth.

The rest of us were on the Henkels' tails and our fury must have put the fear of God into the Germans. They fled without pausing and the best we could do was to race on to Victoria and drop our eggs on the Rebel airdrome. I was thinking of Holland as I pulled the lever which released all five of my bombs. Later we learned that four Rebel ships had been destroyed in our raid.

That was a grim enough initiation. But it taught us a few things. The Rebels had better machines but they didn't know how to handle them. For the most part they were piloted by stu-

dents, Germans, and Italians. I was able to spot the nationality of the pilots by the way they handled their crates. The Italians were excitable, flew off wildly in all directions when a fight impended. The Germans were more phlegmatic, held doggedly to a set purpose with characteristic tenacity.

And the Spanish pilots? There were practically no Spaniards piloting Rebel planes. If there had been I'm sure our Loyalist observers wouldn't have pulled a trigger on them. They hated the Germans and Italians with a fulminating, volcanic fury, as invaders of their country, but they had a measure of understanding for their fellow-countrymen.

Our ships were identified by a bright red band around the fuselage or on the wings—let Mr. Hearst make the most of that. Rebel ships were identified by a green or aluminum band. I'll never forget the day I was on blind patrol and came out from fishing around in a thick cloud bank to find myself in the middle of a squadron. My first reaction was to curse my own stupidity when I saw that the half-dozen ships carried green bands!

But if I was startled, so was the enemy. They dived away from me like a bunch of scared rabbits and went scuttling off into handy clouds. I never did locate them again, which was probably just as well. They no doubt thought that there was an avenging squadron at my back.

Probably because I was an old hand at the game, Gascon, the mad man, sent me out many times on lone scouting expeditions. I usually flew over enemy strongholds at around 10,000 feet where I wouldn't be too conspicuous. I'd set the controls, let the ship ride, and clamp a set of binoculars to my eyes. If I could distinguish a line of trucks moving along a road I could usually spot the location of an enemy depot.

There weren't any mechanics around to keep our ships in good condition, and Gascon was getting badly out of hand. He sent us out with impossible orders which we conveniently ignored. He grew more infuriated by the hour, laced us down in front of other officers and threatened to blow our "God damn" heads off if we didn't start obeying orders pretty "God damn" *prontissimo*. It developed into a first-rate comic opera—get this picture: while Gascon stood there reviling us, his Spanish subordinates skulked in the vicinity with rifles ready to blast the living jeepers out of him if he made a lethal move for his side-arms. We had gotten hold of some automatic pistols ourselves and were able to give him a Spanish hurrah which is identical with a Bronx cheer. A fine way to treat a general, maybe, but you're always stubbing your

big toe on a general in Spain.

One set of lads was able to keep Gascon in line, and that was the Russian squadron billeted nearby. There were some 250 Russians, all told, fine pilots and mechanics, with the best planes on the Loyalist side. In fact, much of the government equipment had come from Russia, but the Rebel blockade was beginning to be effective and not much new stuff was coming in. The Russians were as fine a military group as I have ever seen and they usually acted as an air escort when we made our raids. As the Spanish situation stacks up today, the Russians dominate the strategy on the Loyalist side, with the Germans and Italians doing an inferior sort of brainwork for the Rebels.

Maybe you're wondering what all the shootin's fer over there. There's a lot of talk that the Rebels are rich landowners and the Loyalists a bunch of poor communists. It isn't as simple as that. Fundamentally, the Loyalists are fighting for a democratic state and the Rebels want a Fascist dictatorship. The Spanish pilots in our squadron were all young men, an upstanding lot of fellows who came principally from well-to-do families. Strangely enough, most officers in the Loyalist army are in no hurry for the war to end. They figure they're better off than ever before in their lives, which is one way of saying that their previous condition wasn't so hot.

How long will the war last? Your guess is as good as mine. It's no longer a Spanish war. From what I saw I estimate that other nationals will soon outnumber the Spaniards by 50% to 75%, and the minute Franco's Italians and Germans crush the Loyalists—if they do—the real fun will begin. It goes back to those reckless promises Franco has made, which he'll never be able to keep. The general's countrymen particularly resent his dealings with the Moors, which is decidedly not Spanish cricket. The mere sight of a Moor raises a rash on a Spaniard's chest. And when the Moors grab for something the Italians want and the Germans already have their hands on, it'll be what they call a situation.

That's just my opinion, of course. It's a dirty shame that a grand people like the Spaniards have been made pawns on the chessboard of war and are just beginning to wonder what it is all about.

As for me, I resigned from the Loyalist service in January when it became evident that there weren't going to be any decent ships available and that Gascon was determined to keep sending me out on patrol until he very nicely got rid of me via an enemy bullet.

I never did collect the money coming to me on my contract. I settled for about 25% on the peso. But I'll never forget how alluring those promises were.

NED HILTON

"We quote from defendant's journal the following entry: '9 Avenida de las Palmas. Zowie!' "

YOUR MISTRESS

and how to keep her

BY ONE WHO HAS TWO*

SO YOU want a mistress!

You want a woman who understands you. I know; a woman who understands, and has velvet skin and symmetrical shanks and smells like Christmas Night behind the ears.

Certainly your wife is a nice person. She's neat and thrifty and doesn't make you eat spinach just because it is good for you. She always knows where your shirt studs are, and she is a jewel about writing chatty letters to your rich aunt Mary who has such a bad heart.

She's nice. Damned nice. Definitely. It is just that she doesn't have the old umpff and zingo any more.

Do you drowse behind your newspaper of an evening? Do you yawn as your wife rattles on of her adventures at the grocer's and the hairdresser's and the Good Neighbor Bridge Club? Most important, when you retire do you sleep on your side—and face the other way?

What you need, pal, is a mistress; something, say, in a 21 hat size, a 16 frock, a 4-D I. Miller and a pair of foxes. You want something keen; a lady who can throw out her chest without resort to uplifts; a lady who, when day is done, can go to bed without girdle marks all over her.

In choosing a mistress try to be calm. Keep your mind on a high plane. The Devil in you will have ample time to gambol subsequently.

All wenches are dynamite, but have a care before you pick a you-all sugar from da-own Sa-outh. The Southern sugars are very good at you-alling you out of your all.

Whatever you do, avoid the filly who says the facts of life are known to her only by hearsay. She is a liar; and if she isn't, she's got a nerve expecting you to teach her the A-B-C of S-E-X.

Get a mistress who knows what the score is—a woman who can murmur, "My husband and I" to the room clerk without choking.

There won't be any trouble in finding one. You may feel that your physiognomy is not of a

** Editor's note—We hereby swear that these astute admonitions are based on the author's own bitter, delightful, and often exhilarating experiences in this hazardous field.*

mold to hold feminine interest for more than a one night stand; that the rotundity of your midsection is such as to discourage a protracted amour. But that is not so. The woods are full of ladies who can steel themselves to the most grotesque Romeo, provided he can fill in the blank lines of a cheque.

The late depression was a body blow—if I may be so bold as to employ the double entendre—to mistresses. Bankers and brokers, going down for the third time, shouted: "Goodby, Sugar. Take good care of yourself. The ink is all out of my fountain pen."

It sounds incredible, but I tell you there were hundreds of kept women who suddenly found themselves left with little more than a mink coat, a span of spaniels and a trunkful of silk panties. It was a crepe suzette buildup to a pancake letdown.

Those were the Dark Ages of the Kept Woman. Man's yen to sin was no less intense; but mistresses can't sleep on flat pocketbooks.

From 1930 to 1935 was as good a time as you or I will ever see for picking up good apartment-broken mistresses at rock-bottom terms. Ladies who had lolled in penthouses and smoked cigarettes with their monograms on them could be had for the mere rental of a modest walk-up, a Saturday night visit to the neighborhood theatre's double feature, and a measly Hudson Seal.

Today, however, we have the bull market in mistresses once more. I, for one, am glad of it. The depression *chere amie,* though less costly to keep, was also less interesting to have around. Without the gold paint she looked no different than a wife. There's no fun in that.

In considering a mistress at the present time, therefore, bear in mind that it is a rising market. If you are not too fussy you can pick up for a trifle—as these things go—a hennaed relic of the boom days—a lady, perhaps, of the third vice-president or small business-man type. In her days she was privileged to address Leon and Eddie as Leon and Eddie. Today she will say "Miss" to the girl in Child's, and like it.

Whomever you get for a partner in your sub rosa life of shame, you may be sure of one thing: she will love you devotedly. She may love you like a father or a grandfather, but she will surely love you. I know this, because all mistresses tell me so.

"You men," they invariably

say, "think that because you keep us we are nothing more than golddiggers. You don't realize that while at the beginning we merely liked-you-a-lot, we have come subsequently to love-you-like-Hell. I admit that when you and I met I was no virgin. But now that I have found you and have had a chance to know how fine and splendid you are, I—oh, darling, I love you so!"

At some other time during the course of the affair she will say to you:

"Money! You are always screaming to me about money! Of course I live on your money. How else could I live? Would you have me go out on the streets and be a common you-know-what? You men are all alike. You are beasts. You do not think that a kept woman can really, truly love. I hate myself for loving you —yes, I do love you. I wish I had money of my own. Then I could show you it isn't your money I want, but your love. If I had money I would show you!"

And she would show you. She would lam.

Many men make the mistake of believing that once they have taken out a lease on a mistress, their problem of how-to-commit-adultery-without-too-much-bother is settled. It is no such a thing. A mistress really isn't much fun. Maybe she is at first. So is a wife. But a mistress gets to be a dreadful bore. She demands more of your time than you feel you can devote to her.

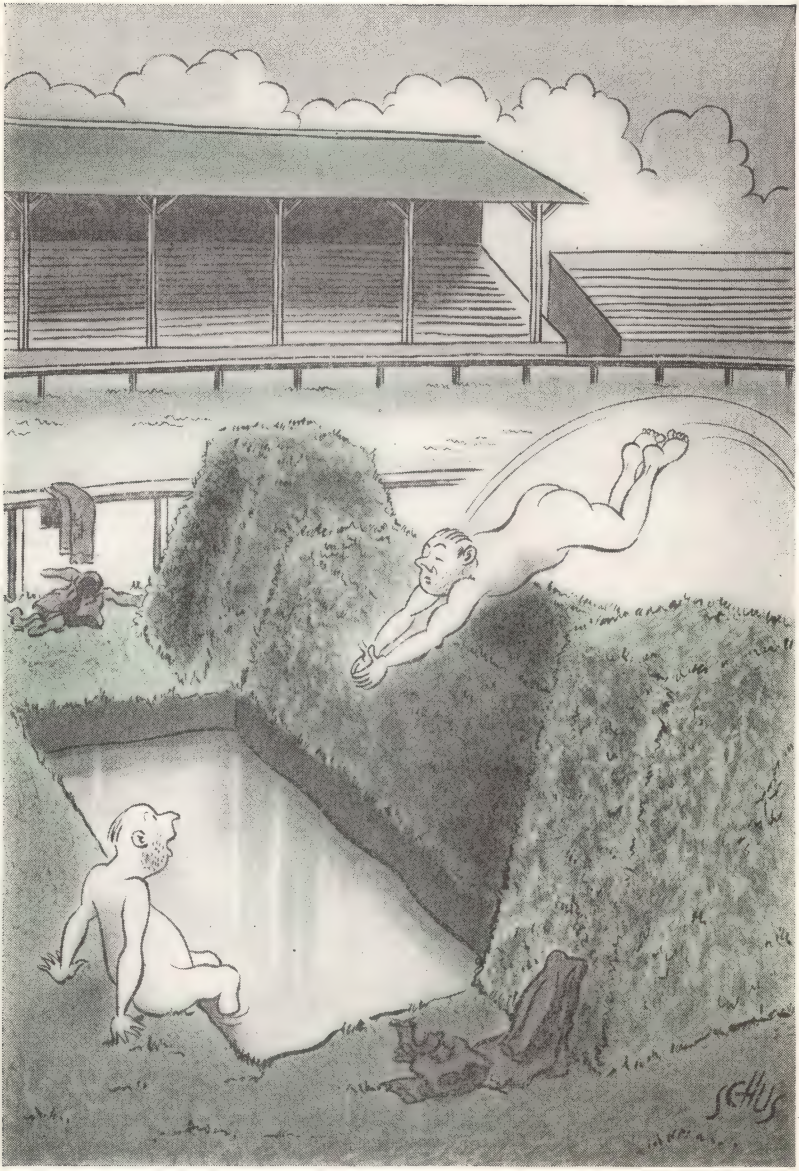
Mistresses wheedle. They are always wanting something: money. That's what's the matter with them. Every time you try to relax and steal a few golden moments of love, the lady slows you down with a story of some new emergency (financial) which requires immediate action (by you). Until you, in desperation, write a cheque, she simply cannot concentrate upon her career of caresses.

When a Kept Woman bobs up with a financial crisis it isn't one of those gimme-a-nickel-I-want-to-make-a-phone-call financial crises. Here are a few samples of the standard grade, always-in-stock emergencies which you are called upon to solve at the rate of about one a week:

"Mother is very ill and must have an operation at once."

"My poor brother, the black sheep of the family, is in terrible trouble. The lawyer says he can get him out for $500. You aren't much of a man if you won't help my brother, and it wasn't his fault, anyway."

"I've let my hotel bill get behind, honey. It isn't much —just a few weeks, maybe six or seven. I know you've given me the money to pay it, honey, but I needed some blue shoes to wear with my blue dress and then a blue dress to wear with my blue shoes, and when I got around to pay the hotel there just



ADOLPH SCHUS

"Pretty good—but you ought to try the second jump at Saratoga."

wasn't any money. I'd move, only I know how you hate to have the bell boys and clerks and the manager of a new hotel stare at you every time we stagger in late."

"I've got to have money right away for the doctor. You don't want me to have a baby, for God's Sakes?"

The doctor story is generally sure-fire. Personally, it never bothered me. Early in life I stumbled onto the right answer. I said: "So we're going to have a baby. Wonderful! It is just what we need to lend a little dignity to our union. Sweetheart, you have made me very happy."

This stops them cold. Of course, if it should develop that she wasn't fooling, that is something you must work out for yourself, you cur.

There is one thing I'll always say for a mistress: she's more apt to be faithful to you than other women, including your wife. It is not because you are hot stuff in your silk pyjamas. It is because she is too smart to bite the hand that feeds her. She is playing for funds, not fun.

A mistress is a paradox. Her business is love, yet she is seldom better than a run-of-the-mine lover. She doesn't live to love. She loves to live. Her genius lies in her talons, not her talents. Being kept is lots easier than running a mangle at a laundry.

Once you are broken into the business of keeping a woman, there is little likelihood of your getting out of it. Age, which corrects many of man's foibles, merely adds zest to the cheating heart. Some of the town's choicest kepties are hanging on the palsied arms of masculine relics to whom vim, vigor and vitality are just three little words.

Most mistresses prefer to be an old man's darling. Old men, by the very nature of things, are less taxing on a girl's virtue.

The men who cause mistresses the most worry are those middle-aged roues who always want to wind up the evening by playing house.

Mistresses have one characteristic in common. They all shy from matrimony. I mean that if you, under the influence of a cold bottle, violent incense, Wayne King's music, and black silk sheets, should talk of divorcing your wife and marrying your mistress, she will change the subject.

I do not blame her. Any mis-

tress who would swap her champagne and caviar for tomato juice and a kitchen sink ought to have her head examined.

It is better as it is. One hen pecks; one hen—sex. And never the twain shall meet, we hope!

I do not hold with that school of thought which argues that a man who keeps a mistress is a so-and-so. Indeed, I swing to the extreme left. I say that a man who stickles for his legal rights and commits himself to support a mere *one* woman—that man is a sluggard and a coward.

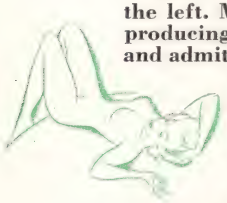
Those among us who are Men will not falter. Two cars in every garage—at least two babes on every budget! Inflation indeed!

Danger? Of course there is danger. Some mistresses are a bit unseemly in their behavior. Some slash, some shoot, some sock, and most all of them throw things.

Danger? Certainly. Your wife may get hep to the monkey business. She may make a scene. She may promote a funeral. She may take you and your saucy baggage apart to see what makes you click.

But this is no time to dawdle. If we are men, if we have hair on our chest, an urge in our hearts and dough in our pokes, our duty is plain. Only a sissy would hide behind *one* woman's skirts!

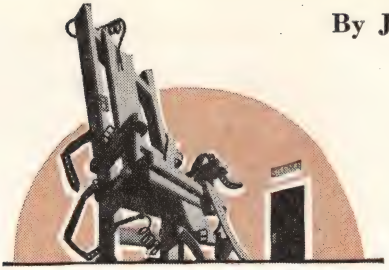
Are we men or are we Nice!



Cute little tyke, isn't she? We mean the girl at the left. Maybe you're curious as to why we're reproducing the sketch, and if so we'll break down and admit we have a *message* for you. A message is something advertisers pay huge rates to get over, and stealing a tip from the boys who use nudity to ballyhoo anything from apples to zithers, we're using nudity. After all, we have a message, too, so why not take the accepted means of attracting attention, i.e.—a nude woman. In passing, we wish we could get a photograph of a beautiful girl stepping out of a tub, as used by one of the soap advertisers. That's a honey of a picture, and much better for display purposes than our sketch. There's another advertising picture, too, that we're jealous of. It's a picture of a girl and a sundial. Both are nude and the advertisement is for watches—a pretty clever hook-up, you'll have to admit.

Oh, yes—our message. FOR MEN—And Men Only will be on sale at all newsstands the first of each month. Next issue on sale June 1.

By J. D. RATCLIFF



They Die Healthy

Legal murder, and under another name it would smell no sweeter

"*Three minutes later prison doctors pronounced him dead.*"

Newspaper readers see those lines in the press on an average of once every other day. For each year, in these United States, about 160 men pay for crimes by sitting in electric or gas chamber chairs, or by plunging through a nicely greased and efficiently hinged scaffold trap.

Just how painlessly and quickly do these healthy men die? The answer is not as quickly as we have been led to believe. Lieutenant Becker, the bull-like New York policeman who got a death sentence for his part in the Rosenthal murder, managed to break the chair straps even after the first bolt of artificial lightning had crashed through his body. William Kemmler, who 45 years ago had the singular honor of being the first man to be electrocuted, writhed so piteously after the first shock that his executioner got panicky. In his frantic, repeated closing and opening of the switch the state's killer mutilated Kemmler horribly.

What happens to these wretches on the ghastly bridge the state has constructed between life and death? What physiological sleight-of-hand occurs as they are converted from healthy, living mechanisms into heaps of lifeless pulp? What happens to heart, brain, liver, lungs?

Every civilized state today makes a conscientious effort to do its killing as thoroughly and quickly as possible. This humanitarianism began with the 19th century. Prior to this, executions were supposed to be long and painful—so the victim could have time to reflect on his sins in agony.

This earlier age invented such things as the "iron widow" and the cross. But the wheel marked the zenith of brutish imaginings. Spread-eagled to this torture contrivance a man had first his arm, then his leg bones crushed with an iron bar wielded by a husky killer. This

was done with a deliberate nicety, calculated to keep consciousness in the victim's body. Death came only when the iron bar smashed in the chest and collapsed the lungs.

Henry VIII—who legally murdered more than 72,000 people—devised the neat trick of dropping his enemies into cauldrons of boiling water. He substituted water for oil, which the Chinese used in a similar treatment, because water was cheaper.

For those people whose crimes were too piddling there was always the gallows. It is worth remembering that when Blackstone wrote his famous *Commentaries on the Laws of England* there were 160 crimes punishable by death. The gallows, of course, got the most of the people who violated these laws. But even this was none too pleasant.

All the early gallows depended on strangulation to achieve their purpose. This is one of the most painful of all possible ways to meet Hell's grim tyrant. Also, doctors say, it is one of the slowest.

Ireland alleviated the lot of the man to be executed in the 18th century when the isle's agile-minded inventors devised the "long drop"—a fall of as much as fifteen feet, which gave a fearful tug on the neck and snapped the spinal cord. Death was instantaneous. That this plunge frequently decapitated its subjects detracted little from its esthetic qualities so far as the prisoners were concerned.

Modern methods are, of course, neater and quicker. But they still present a pretty grisly picture.

Capital crimes are punishable by electrocution in 21 states, by hanging in 15, and by lethal chamber asphyxiation in five. One—Utah—allows a prisoner his choice of a hangman or a firing squad. The rest of the states punish no crimes by death.

A few clinical investigations have been made into these various forms of death. For obvious reasons they have been scantily publicized: the subject is unpleasant, and the medical profession generally would feel that a man could better spend his investigating talents elsewhere. There is more data on electrocution than on any of the other methods.

The first man ever to die in the electric chair was William Kemmler, who took an axe to his mistress and gave Sing Sing's brand new electric chair its blood baptism Aug. 6, 1890. It was a pretty sickening performance. Electrodes were improperly applied and the executioner knew very little of his new lethal toy.

Once they had Kemmler strapped in the contraption the prison executioner threw a withering bolt of current through his body for fifteen seconds. Then he pulled the switch. To the indescribable horror of the

witnesses, the man started writhing and tugging at his straps. Witnesses and executioner did not know that these were only reflex actions. Kemmler was already a peaceful citizen of another world.

Caught in utter panic the executioner closed the switch; then opened and closed it repeatedly for five minutes, hurling enormous surges of electricity through Kemmler's body.

During this performance witnesses became actively ill. It was a fearful sight. The murderer's lips spouted a purplish foam—burned blood from internal hemorrhages—and a blue train of flame licked up and down his spinal column.

The autopsy was performed in the room adjoining the electrocution chamber. It was situated so near the "dance hall,"—the battery of six cells nearest the execution room—that men awaiting death could hear surgeon's saws hacking away at the skull of the man they had seen alive a few minutes before.

The autopsy was equally hard on the doctors who performed it. The murderer's body was too hot to touch for several minutes. At spots where the current arced, flesh was burned to a crisp black. When they lifted the skull disc off they found Kemmler's brain carbonized into a black, powdery mass.

A hue and cry went up about the wantonness of the proceedings. Electric companies besieged legislators in Albany to change the manner of execution. They were afraid people would stop using their current. With his New York *World,* old Joseph Pulitzer yelped lustily, and various societies and fraternal orders dumped protests in the state capital.

What happens today, though immeasurably refined since the days of Kemmler, is still unpleasant. Let us have a look at an electric chair.

It is generally painted black and equipped with two electrodes: one for the head, one for the left leg. The head electrode is usually devised from an ordinary football helmet. Both electrodes, faced with sponge, have heavy insulated wires leading to them.

Contrary to common supposition, prison attendants seldom shave a prisoner's head and leg prior to execution. The hair is merely clipped short and the sponge electrode lining dipped in saline solution to insure a good contact.

Most states use about 2200 volts of 8-14 ampere current.

This current is sent into a man's body for a few seconds, then the current is lowered momentarily before the final shock of another 2200 volts is given. Although measurements necessarily lack accuracy it is estimated unconsciousness comes in 1/500 of a second. In all likelihood a well run electrocution is completely painless. From the word of electric company linesmen and others who have had bad but non-lethal shocks, there is no pain attached. Unconsciousness is immediate.

The electricity causes automatic muscle contraction. A man seated in the chair will scoot up and tug on his straps like a small boy trying to see over the heads in front of him in church. As the current is lowered the body will sink a few inches, then rise again as it is increased.

Although doctors believe death is instantaneous they generally keep a man seated in the chair for three minutes. If it weren't that they dislike disfiguring a body they would demand a longer period—just to be sure every ounce of life were squeezed out.

No matter how artfully the job is done there are always burns and always the horrific stench of burning flesh. In well run executions there is a margin of greyish burn around the leg electrode and around the helmet. In bungled jobs arcing of the electricity burns considerable areas of flesh to a crinkly black. Tough on the witnesses.

The actual friction (resistance) of the current passing through the body causes heat, but the blood never reaches the boiling point as some believe. At the Sing Sing autopsy rooms temperatures of 140° F. have been recorded in the bodies of executed men ten minutes after death. This heat alone would cause almost instantaneous death. At this temperature delicate kidney and brain tissue is cooked into extinction.

Besides this there are numerous other physiological effects of electrocution, any one of which would cause death. The pulmonary center of the brain is paralyzed. Pin point hemorrhages occur in the brain and the heart.

Despite this hemorrhagic condition, the heart, valiant organ that it is, will sometimes re-start after being stilled by the first shock. For a while it will undergo a period of fibrillation—wild, uncontrolled pulsations—then stop for good. One research man attempted actually to feel this movement with his own hand—also to get a check on the muscular contractions caused by electricity. Equipping himself with a rubber bath mat to stand on, and heavy rubber gloves to wear, he stood beside Sing Sing's death chair gingerly feeling the bodies of its straining victims. Results of his research were scarcely worth the wear and tear on witnesses' nerves.

In every electrocution the albumen is instantly coagulated in the legs and a solid *rigor mortis* has set in by the time the chair's victim is unstrapped. So tightly are the legs set in death that no amount of force can budge them from their crooked positions unless bones are broken.

While all of the reasons why the electric chair should cause death are water-tight it seems likely that the actual cause of death is one seldom mentioned. A dozen years ago Dr. George Washington Crile, eminent Cleveland clinician, postulated his theory of the bipolar mechanisms of the body. Crile has fairly well proved that every cell in the body is a miniature electric battery with positive and negative poles and that when the potential between them falls to zero, death results. That the huge force of its lethal current would knock this delicate mechanism out of plumb seems obvious. Thus, in effect, it would destroy the functions of every body cell instantly.

Just as music has its Toscanini, mathematics its Einstein, and stage its Cornell, the electric chair has its maestro. He is a lank, sallow fellow with a beaked nose and a baldish head—Robert Elliot, chief executioner for Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, and Delaware. Elliot's hand at the switch has taken the lives of such notables as Sacco, Vanzetti, Ruth Snyder, Judd Gray, and Hauptmann. Since he took up his macabre work Elliot, an electrician by trade, who lives in New York's suburb, Richmond Hill, has taken the lives of over 200 people.

His work, to him, is rather simple: "You go into the jail, do your job, and you're out again in no time at all." Each life taken nets Elliot $150 and he has a professional pride in his work. "I keep my wits about me," he says, "and work the current in and out steadily, but quickly enough to paralyze the brain. When that has happened the execution is about over."

Elliot stands in the death chamber, watching his victims so he can govern current by muscular reaction. Watching one victim—Ruth Snyder—gave him a nervous breakdown. She was his first woman client.

In death by hanging, results are not as thorough and quick as in the electric chair. But the technique is just as methodical.

The distance of the drop will range between six and eight feet. But what all hangmen strive for is a 2,400 lb. yank on their victim's neck. To achieve this a

light man will require a longer drop than a heavy man. In either case hangmen, if they are expert, will always enact a macabre role, examining neck muscles of their prospective clients. If muscles are weak they shorten the drop. No hangman likes a decapitation.

Most hangmen use a knot neatly called the "submental" which is calculated to throw the whole shock on the cervical vertebrae. In the ideal job the first three vertebrae are fractured and the spinal cord and the jugular vein are severed. Thus the brain is starved of blood and the cord break induces an instant paralysis. In bungled jobs death is caused by strangulation alone.

In either case—just as in electrocution—the heart puts up a stout fight. It sometimes continues beating as long as fifteen minutes after the trap is sprung. In a good job it ceases pumping blood in eight minutes.

The lethal chamber has lately come into vogue. Last January North Carolina became the fifth state to adopt this means of execution. Connoisseurs of state-ordered death—men who have witnessed all kinds of executions—agree that this is the most painful death of the three.

Lethal chambers are generally ten-foot-square concrete buildings with a heavy strap-equipped chair to one side. Under the seat of the chair is a simple mechanism—a pot holding about three pints of hydrochloric acid. Over the pot depends a little basket of potassium cyanide eggs weighing about an ounce each.

When the victim is strapped in the chair and witnesses' faces are glued to windows, the executioner activates a mechanical device that dumps the cyanide pellets into the acid. They instantly generate the most deadly of all gases: hydrocyanic acid gas. It is a light greyish color.

Prisoners all react to it the same way. They hold their breath for a few seconds, then try to get their ordeal over as quickly as possible.

The action of the gas in the body is reasonably simple. It causes internal asphyxiation by strangling the oxygen supply of the body's cells. There is, of course, ample oxygen in the air but the hydrocyanic acid gas dispels the body's ability to absorb this oxygen. It literally chokes the individual cells to death.

Utah's choose-your-death law still seems to be preferable. In that state if a man so elects he may have a firing squad. That most of them consider it cleaner and more decent is indicated by the state's statistics. Out of the last twenty men to be executed nineteen chose the firing squad. The other chose hanging because, he said, it cost the state more money. His sense of humor fairly well paralleled that of the Nevada man condemned to the lethal chamber. His last request was for a gas mask.

PUNCHDRUNK PUGS

BRETHREN, cup an ear to the saddest tale in sport. Hist a moment, while we drag a horrible herring across the lily-white path of this whimsical little gift to belles-lettres. We're speaking of punchdrunkardness, a word that has been bruited about in a humorous way for years, with little thought to the fact that it is the most hideous occupational disease of them all. It makes wrestling's horrid trachoma—an ailment that turns a matman's eyeballs into hot, angry little onions—a passing little irritation in comparison.

Sometimes you hear the God-forsaken human wrecks called "Slap-happy," or "Slug-nutty." It's all the same, and it's about as funny as watching a shrieking man bolted to death in the chair.

You see them around the stinking gyms, and maybe in the clamorous lobbies of the fight clubs on fight nights, the drool coming down their chin in a sticky little rivulet, swaying as if in tune with some mad and distant music. The crowds think they're bums and shy away from them, stuffing the change from their ticket money quickly into their pockets.

But the dancing men don't mind. They don't see or hear so well, anymore. And their thoughts are far away—their shirred brains have carried them back to the early days and they're living again the old knuckle wars, the old triumphs. God is kind to them that way. They don't remember the ones they lost.

Poor old Ad Wolgast is still training every day for the defense of the title he lost a generation ago, looking forward each day to the match, never knowing that he is a tired old man and that the world has gone

By BOB CONSIDINE

on and left him. We saw Paul Berlenbach, former lightheavyweight champion of the world, suddenly square off and take a swing at a lamp-post in Washington one day. The sincerest friends of Tony Canzoneri have come to him and begged him to give up his plans to try to regain his lightweight title from Lou Ambers on April 2, fearful that a few dozen more thundering knocks on his head might have tragic results.

But it isn't these, particularly, that we speak of. It's the great hapless herd of unknowns who never got ahead in the game, who took enough in the head to make them eternally groggy, never knowing why, never rebellious of their plight.

Punchdrunkardness is one of the few non-curable ailments. It is the result, you know, of no one punch. A knock on the head from a baseball bat might possibly remove you from this vale of tears, but it would never induce punchiness. Becoming punchy is a slow and rather tedious state to acquire. It is a sort of modern adoption of the old medieval torture of tying a man under a dripping barrel of water. In short, it is a disease born of countless thousands of little knocks on the dome—not one roundhouse swipe.

We do not pose as a medical authority on this rather specialized ailment of mankind. Our findings are the work of a young doctor who for some years served as inspector of the boxers at Fort Hamilton, New York. One comprehensive paper has been written for the *American Medical Journal* by another doctor, but other than the work of these two men it is doubtful if the medical profession has attempted to cast a single ray of light on the subject.

Reduced to its lowest common denominator, in lay language, this is about what happens to a fighter when he becomes punchy:

The constant succession of knocks in the head keeps jarring the brain, which we will ask you to picture as a lumpy cluster of lima beans. In time the jarring cracks the sensitive tissue that unites the imaginary beans. Now as you perhaps know, the brain is the one member of the body which the natural resources of the body cannot cure. But Nature sort of goes down swinging, and that is the tragic part.

A cranial fluid seeps into the cracks between the beans, but once it gets in there it hardens, impeding the pulsation of the brain and impinging the incredible energy-channels that run to the various muscles of the body. There is no pain, the brain also being the one sector of the body which is allergic to such mundane things as aches. We notice in the public prints that a lady recently drove a long spike in her noggin, to relieve a headache. The spike, of course, punctured the brain, but the only

pain she suffered was from the scalp wound.

The first symptom of punchiness is a mild form of vertigo. A spray of dizziness will swing through the body from no reasonable source—like an upset stomach. The expression "back on his heels," is derived from this preliminary symptom. The heels seem to be an instinctive haven for sufferers from dizziness.

Another very early symptom is slurring words. Managers, at least the ones who care whether their breadwinner lives or dies, particularly notice this. At a very polite dinner one night, at which Fidel La Barba, then flyweight titleholder, was the guest of honor, his manager leaped to his feet, left his place at the table and walked over to the champion, who was chatting to the person at his side. The manager's face was white.

"Say that last sentence over again," he commanded the little titleholder. The amazed kid did, and the old manager broke into a sweat and mopped a forehead on which the bright sweat beads stood out. The manager thought he had heard him leave a couple syllables out of Pennsylvania.

When it is a full fledged disease it afflicts not only a man's balance and his speech, but produces an almost constant buzzing in the ears, an inability to concentrate for more than a few fleeting moments on any given topic and a haunting feeling that he has forgotten something of urgent interest. There is a slight numbness to his entire body, with slow or mis-aimed reflexes.

A man with a pitiable case of it appeared before the boxing commission of New York not long ago. He was a preliminary pug who had been cuffed around for years, and he was an appalling specimen. He wanted a license to fight in New York.

Bill Brown, the shrewdest of the Commissioners, looked at him with his piercing blue eyes. He noted the great gable of scar tissue that hung like an awning over his eyes. He saw the little listless eyes, the flat wheezing nose, the lips that had to form a doughnut to allow the words to come out. And he heard those slow dripping words come from the fighter's mouth.

"Go away," Bill requested firmly. "Or you'll wind up cutting out paper dolls."

The veins in the poor pug's temples loomed like swollen purple rivers and the sticky words of protest flooded his mouth. He pursed his lips in a way that you could never forget and a gummy torrent of indignation came out of him. The words wouldn't come fast enough and at last he shook his calloused fist under the impassive noses of the board and muttered, "I'll get even with you for this if I have to go to the electric chair."

And out he stalked, bumping into the chairs of the silent reporters.

We saw him later in the hallway, his hot little eyes leaking scalding tears, his thick impotent hands wringing each other, and his bowed lips pleading for the "one more chance" that is the cross all who are punch-drunk must bear.

There is no cure because there is no way to treat the brain, most of all a submerged trouble such as this is. Long rest is no antidote, nor is retirement from the ring. When a fighter becomes punchy it is a permanent state that remains with him through his earthly life. The kindly Providence that looks over all things, including boxing matches, probably has arranged some sort of reprieve up above.

A fighter may aggravate his trouble by remaining in the ring, once he has gone beyond the pale of the sane, and stood on the threshold of that strange and bizarre world of the mentally irregular. Advanced cases, rarely vicious, will none the less square off and throw up a guard at the sound of a bell. Or yammer and drool in a ghastly way at the sight of a fight in a ring. Hundreds of fighters today are aggravating their early conditions, but this was always so and always will be. For most of those in this condition would starve to death if they didn't fight, and the others belong to that great society which never knows when to quit. Canzoneri is of this latter group. While he lost money in the market he nevertheless has enough to live on comfortably the remainder of his days, and certainly has the rest coming to him for he has been throwing punches, for keeps, since 1925. But like many a man before him, in every line of endeavor, he knows best.

Many a fanatic of boxing has wondered how Jack Dempsey escaped the malady. From the time he was fighting for $5 as Young Blackie, and riding the beams to the next cheap flop, he was always a guy who would absorb two or three knocks in order to get in one of his own. He was probably the widest-open man who ever won the heavyweight title—but at this comparatively late date he can remember the first names of at least 5,000 people. His prodigious feats of memory have helped establish his restaurants.

Jim Corbett came through his decade of boxing mentally unscathed, and of course Gene Tunney did too. But few others can be named who came out brighter than they went in. Benny Leonard is a notable example, but then judging from Leonard's record, damn few gloves were ever laid harshly on Benjamin. Joe Louis, on the other hand, might well become punchy if he remains in the ring an appreciable length of time. He now seems pretty well established as the perfect target for a right hand, even the right hands of such renowned palookas as Al Ettore and Jorge Brescia. His hold on his balance seems precarious enough as it is.

Wrestlers never become punchdrunk. They are by nature a little daffy; otherwise, of course, they never would have embarked on a mat career. But as for punchiness . . . they have no interest. Most of the falls they take are easy (but loud) tumbles, and the elbow jabs to the head—while very terrific-looking from the gallery—are as passive as a courthouse pigeon, when viewed from the press row.

One of the weirder tales of the ring centers around a punchdrunk fighter. He was a bright young heavyweight whose ambition was running away with him. He was managed by an elderly old boy who had been nursing him along very slowly, much too slowly for the kid.

One day the manager of the current heavyweight champion, a wild mauler who couldn't pull a punch if he had his mother in the ring with him, called the manager and asked him to let his kid go on the road with the champ as an exhibition sparring partner. The old man refused, and the kid was furious.

They argued bitterly for the first time in their association, the kid complaining that here was the big chance, the opportunity to work out every day against the champ. He visualized all the tricks the Great Man would show him, and how he could hasten his own steps toward the title. But the old man nodded his head negatively —and the upshot of it all was that the kid jumped his contract, changed his name, and went with the champ.

The manager lost track of him. Six years later, in a grimy gym in Frisco, the manager looked up and saw standing in front of him a rocking madman, dirty, ragged and his twitching face screwing itself into the semblance of a smile, uncertain and foolish.

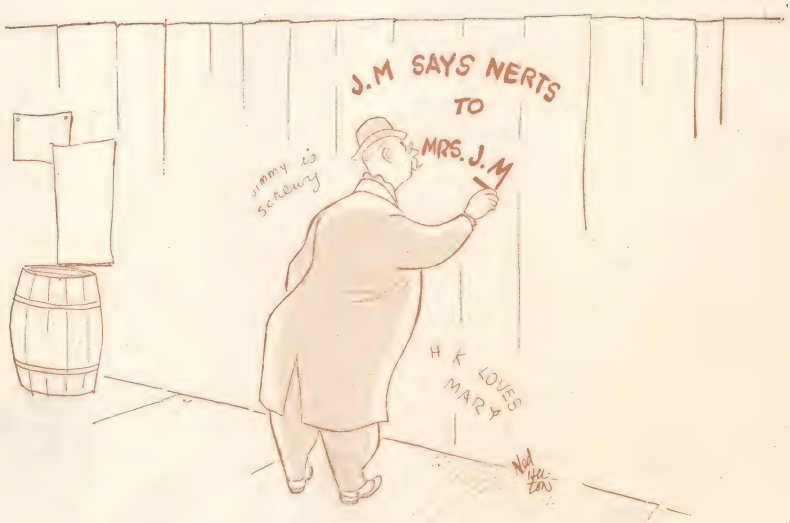
"Pop . . . " the thing said, " . . . don't . . . you . . . remember me?" It was, of course, the kid. He had been rocked partly loco by the savage champion, and then spun downward through the revolting little clubs into daft bumhood. His lips were thick and shaped like a man saying, "Cupid," as he

went on, slobberingly:

"Pop . . . " it said, "Wanna thank you for . . . all you did for me . . . I mean for letting me go with the champ that . . . time. Greatest thing ever happen' to me, Pop. Made me . . . n' they can't stop me now, pop." Somewhere across the aromatic shed a bell sounded and the fellow squared off in front of the old man, his guard up in a futile pose, his addled brain transported to some eerie retreat of the mad.

This story packs no moral, like a caboose, on its end. There always will be punchdrunkardness, just as there always will be boxing. There is nothing that really can be done about it. No one has ever discovered a positive method of refraining from being punched, in a punching match.

We only wish that the ghastly word would lose its strangely comical common usage, for, as you perhaps suspect by this time, it is more adapted to a chamber of horrors than to broad American humor.



"No, no! I distinctly said bring back one of these!" GREGORY D'ALESSIO

"Now smile—remember this is a toothpaste ad!" FRANK BEAVEN

Misunderstood Male of the Month

DALE CARNEGIE

By WILLIAM BIRNIE

★

I WANT TO begin this critique by confessing a sneaking admiration for Dale Carnegie, the friendship expert. In the first place the mere composition of 337 pages on *How To Win Friends and Influence People*—a hitherto rather desultory art dependent upon the swing of the thighs, the perfection of bedroom technique, or the willingness to fork out for a couple of theatre tickets or a round of Scotch—is a monumental accomplishment in itself, but when the product sells at the rate of some ten thousand volumes a week, you must admit you have something—I mean, Mr. Carnegie has something.

Furthermore, a few weeks back, Mr. Carnegie helped me, indirectly, to get out of a jam. I have the misfortune to live in an apartment which is directly over one inhabited by a woman whom I shall describe as peculiarly antisocial. This lady, Madame Z, if you don't mind, takes violent exception to the modest social activities which I undertake, especially if they last after eleven, which is when she goes to bed. I have known Madame Z to telephone me at 11:45 and repeat verbatim, in a voice vibrant with fury, an intimate conversation which a guest practically whispered in my ear. And once, when a girl insisted on demonstrating a bizarre toe-dance which she had invented for the second act of *Tristan und Isolde* (she said she was going to perform it for Edward Johnson the next day), Madame Z called the police before calling me. The whole thing is a humiliating memory and I don't know why I brought it up at all.

The morning after one particularly bitter encounter, my landlord, whom we shall call Mr. L, appeared at my office, a newspaper office. I went out to see him with a quill stuck behind my ear to impress upon him my more serious nature. Did I explain that Madame Z has lived in her apartment for twenty-two years, which lends, if you know your landlords, a certain weight to her words? Mr. L positively glared at me:—"Mr. Birnie, this is a serious matter." I thought to myself that I certainly must win this fellow over. I was desperately anxious to make friends with him and influence him because I do like my apartment, which is in-

expensive and looks out on two delightful gardens. Suddenly through my mind flashed the precepts from Mr. Carnegie's *How To Win Friends and Influence People,* which I had given a rather cursory reading a day or two before. Here, I decided hastily, was a chance to test Mr. Carnegie's mettle. "The only way to win an argument is to avoid it," I muttered to myself, like a schoolboy going into an examination. "Always make the other fellow feel important. Smile."

"Mr. L," I said, smiling. "Let's have some coffee—on me." We went around the corner to a restaurant and before we were seated I started applying the Carnegie technique. "Mr. L, I must say I sympathize with you. It must be tough for a landlord to try to keep peace among tenants who are fighting like little children." Mr. L sipped his coffee and confessed, judiciously, that it was tough. "You really have to be a sort of diplomat, don't you?" I continued. Mr. L granted that he had, indeed, to be a sort of diplomat, and immediately launched into a lengthy exposition of just how diplomatic he had been on several notable occasions. He had just about finished when a well known columnist, whom I know slightly, happened by. I introduced him to Mr. L, explaining that Mr. L was a *special* friend of mine. Mr. L beamed and when the columnist departed Mr. L announced he had once been a newspaperman himself. I knew then that victory was mine—or rather, Mr. Carnegie's. I threw caution to the winds. "Mr. L," I said, "I suppose you want to talk to me about Madame Z." "Oh, her," replied Mr. L, with a deprecatory gesture. "She's just a screwy old dame. If she bothers you again, let me know about it."

I regard *l'affaire de Monsieur L* as a striking example of the successful application of the Carnegie principles, but it is, after all, elemental. Mr. L was clearly a susceptible subject, who was no more averse to being influenced than an old aunt of mine who loved to be hypnotized by be-mustached performers in theaters (to the vast discomfort of her husband, an insurance agent) and was practically under before she reached the stage. When Mr. Carnegie relates in his book that salesmen apply virtually the same technique to important business executives and end up with fantastic orders, I simply won't go along with him. Important business executives aren't as dumb as that, no matter what Heywood Broun says.

Most of the Carnegie anecdotes about people who go about making friends the right way rub me just the wrong way. Take, for example, a Mr. R, who makes his appearance on page 137. Mr. R is one of those characters in literature for whom I reserve my most cordial dislike, a sort of twentieth-century Uriah Heep. Mr. R, writes Mr. Carnegie, is a Connecticut attorney "who prefers

not to have his name mentioned because of his relatives." You can guess what I think of a man who is so afraid of his relatives—his wife's relatives, at that—that he has to hide behind so silly an appelation as Mr. R. Well, it seems that Mr. R motored out on Long Island one weekend to visit some of those fearful relatives, and dropped in first on an aunt. He looked around her place and then observed smugly, "This house was built around 1890, wasn't it?" If I had been Mr. R's aunt, I should certainly have bristled because no one who lives in a product of the 1890 school of architecture should be proud of it, but Mr. R's aunt smiled sweetly, "That is precisely the year it was built."

Flushed with the success of this preliminary maneuver, Mr. R went on to the next stop in his insidious campaign, which was to inspect the furnishings of the house and express his "hearty admiration" for her collection of bric-a-brac which, according to Mr. Carnegie's category, consisted of Paisley shawls, an old English tea set, Wedgwood china, French beds and chairs, Italian paintings, "and silk draperies that had once hung in a French chateau." Then, says Mr. R in his own breathless words, "she took me out to the garage. There, jacked up on blocks, was a Packard car—almost new." You've guessed it, of course. Rendered helpless by Mr. R's gushing over her possessions, the aunt presented him with the Packard. "Why, aunty," protested Mr. R, the Jason, but aunty was adamant. "Her gratitude," moralizes Mr. Carnegie, "couldn't express itself with anything less than the gift of a Packard car."

Our author drops Mr. R at this point, which I think is pretty unfair. I should like to know whether he was any happier after acquiring his "almost new" Packard, what he did with the other car he had used to get out on Long Island, and what his wife's relatives said to him after they discovered he had practically pilfered a car which should have gone to one of them. As a matter of fact, I hope he got just the treatment he deserved and ended up by wishing he had said what he really thought about those old Paisley shawls.

Mr. Carnegie himself is just the sort of man you'd imagine would admire a fellow like Mr. R. He is forty-eight years old; his skin is soft and pinkish, his hair wavy. He wears octagonal glasses and looks vaguely like those men in the opticians' advertisements who wear octagonal glasses and insist they like them. He lives in a modest stucco house in Forest Hills, similar to hundreds of others inhabited by simple citizens to whom the art of winning friends, to say nothing of influencing people, is an impenetrable mystery. He has two hobbies, both eminently respectable —gardening and horse-back riding. He also likes to take walks with his dog, a Boston bull

named, inevitably, Rex. He recognizes sex as a factor in human behavior, and in a chapter entitled "A Happier Home Life," he offers his readers a comprehensive bibliography of sex. He is, however, a bachelor himself. One of his major fetishes is a little black book in which he lists the birthdays of all his friends, and when each one's anniversary comes around, he dispatches a telegram with pretty sentiments —a diversion which must run into money for a man constantly winning new friends.

The preparations for his oracular pronouncements on social technique go back to the day when he joined the debating society at the State Teachers' College in Warrensville, Missouri, where the art of winning friends was and doubtless still is rather haphazard. Young Dale soon discovered in himself a flair for persuading the farmers' sons of the region to his point of view, and he won one debate after another. He became, in fact, the idol of the local forensic circles. After graduating with the degree of doctor of pedagogy, he was successively a carloader for a meat-packing concern, an actor with an unimpressive role in a road company of *Polly of the Circus,* a salesman of trucks, and the author of a novel which he has never succeeded in getting published. Finally, in 1912, he started a public speaking course in a Harlem Y.M.C.A. and right away he realized he had found himself. His theory was to teach confidence by having his pupils get up and chat informally about themselves before progressing to the traditionally oratorical subject of "My Idea of Utopia" or "Three Ways of Getting Ahead." He discovered that a man who is self-assured before a crowd is also self-assured in the more intimate relationships of life, and from there it was but a step to start teaching people how to win friends and influence people.

Today the public and the personal aspects of his teachings are inextricably mixed. Of course, you may simply read *How To Win Friends, Etc.,* but to become really adept at the Carnegie technique, you should also enroll in the Carnegie Institute of Effective Speaking and Human Relations. A course in the Institute costs you $75 and includes forty sessions, about half of them with dinner, which comes extra. Once I dropped in on one of the sessions at a hotel in the West Forties. It was called the Prepared Speech session, and from the syllabus I learned that the potential friend-winners already had been through the Developing Courage session, the Overcoming Fear session (someday I'd like to learn the difference between those two), the Acquiring Ease and Confidence session, the How To Improve Your Appearance session, the Magic Formula session, and several others with

equally compelling titles. When I arrived, the students—about forty men and thirty women—were going about their roast beef and French fried potatoes pretty diligently. At the head of the table, with a bell and a gavel before him, sat the instructor whom everyone called Bob.

When the main course was nearly consumed, Bob arose, rang the bell, swung the gavel, and announced that everyone should give a "rousing rip snorter of a speech." Then the students arose one by one and gravely delivered rousing rip-snorters. First came one from a little fellow who took several anxious gulps of water and said, "To return to religion, what is religion? . . ." I never did find out, exactly.

After that, we were treated to a major sensation. A swarthy fellow stood up and proclaimed, with what I thought a touch of bravado:—"Do you know that more people die of syphilis each year than any other disease. My Gawd, what a situation!" The ladies at our board fixed their eyes on their plates and a general shudder passed over the assembly. Bob murmured something I didn't catch. The orator looked pleased, prattled on for a couple of minutes without producing anything to approach his initial effect and sat down amid restrained applause.

Practically everyone who develops his self-confidence by talking about syphilis and imitating Greta Garbo goes on to study, much as a Mohammedan studies the Koran, Mr. Carnegie's *How To Win Friends, Etc.,* and some of the fortunate ones—particularly the business executives, of whom there is a surprisingly large representation in the courses—succeed in getting their copies autographed by the maestro himself. They pay special attention, I understand, to an incident in the book in which Mr. Carnegie figured personally. He was attending a dinner in London when a speaker attributed the quotation, "There's a divinity that shapes our ends . . ." etc., to the Bible. Now Mr. Carnegie knew it came from Shakespeare, and with a severity of which I approve toward all after-dinner speakers, he lost no time in setting the man to right. The speaker, however, insisted his attribution was correct, and the two agreed to submit the issue to a third man, whom Mr. Carnegie describes as a Shakespearean scholar. "Dale," said the scholar after a moment's reflection, "you are wrong. The gentleman is right. It *is* from the Bible." Mr. Carnegie was silent at that, but he cornered the referee later in the evening and asked him what the hell, or words to that effect. Whereupon the referee moralized:—"Yes, of course. *Hamlet,* Act Five, Scene Two. But we were at a festive occasion. Why prove to a man he is wrong?"

Mr. Carnegie went home pondering what he calls this "sorely needed lesson," and now he is

passing it on to his innumerable disciples. Personally I can't help pondering the fate of the after-dinner speaker. Reassured in his conviction that the quotation was actually from the Bible, he became, I am sure, positively belligerent when someone questioned him at a subsequent festive occasion. Perhaps he came to blows over the thing with someone. Perhaps he got in an argument over it with his boss and lost his job! And what did he think of the Shakespearean scholar when he finally learned the truth? And of Dale Carnegie? I think you will agree with me that our author and his so-called scholar could have spared this speaker a lot of anguish if they had been men about the whole affair in the first place.

The ultimate law of winning friends, according to Mr. Carnegie, is to make the other fellow feel important. You do it by mentioning his name at every opportunity in a conversation, inducing him to talk about himself, inquiring about his family, smiling, agreeing with him and accepting all his twaddle about his exploits in the boudoir or the badminton court. Sometimes I get to brooding in a quiet way over the impasse which would be inevitable should two Carnegie disciples encounter each other. Number One would encourage Number Two to talk about himself, and Number Two would encourage Number One to talk about himself. Of course, they could keep on smiling at each other indefinitely, but the conversation would be extremely dull, I am sure, even if it didn't degenerate into something pretty antagonistic, after which Number One and Number Two would part with a secret but quite mutual contempt.

As a matter of fact, I tried out on a girl I know this business of making the other fellow feel important. We were at Tony's, the West 52nd Street Tony's, and from the first through the seventh Manhattans (which we always have made with Bourbon and French vermouth and you should try one sometime) I succeeded in getting her to talk about herself exclusively. Evidently she enjoyed the experience, because she went into every detail of her life, including her relationship with a young man I had never heard of before. She called him Topsie, which annoyed me no end, and pretty soon she let on inadvertently that she and Topsie were considerably more than friends. That started a fight and I have never seen her since. I couldn't, because I am sure the spectre of Topsie would add an unwelcome third to our twosome. It was the beginning of a beautiful friendship, too, and I lay its wreckage directly at your feet, Mr. Dale Carnegie. How to Win Friends and Wreck Friendships!

For myself—I think I'll go back to my old life of making enemies and being influenced by the wrong people.

"Number one or number two, Mr. Gribble?" MIKE BERRY

MAN TO MAN · MAN TO MAN

Colossal

Stanley Walker brings back from Hollywood as pretty a little horror story as we want to hear for some time. It starts, as most Hollywood stories do, at a cocktail party. A few busy bees kept running around, reminding the guests that they were not under any circumstances to miss the special and exclusive preview that was being staged solely for the members of this particular party, but nobody paid much attention to them at the time.

After considerable commotion, the party moved *en masse* to a large, vague, and impressive building a few blocks down the street, where they were ushered into a neat little auditorium. A florid, professional-looking gentleman came out on the stage, and in the grand manner informed the guests that they were about to witness a film the like of which had never been shown before in history; a picture that was actually unique; a monument to cinema genius that might well cause a revolution in certain fields of endeavor. Most of the people in the audience had heard this stuff a hundred times before, and began to stir restlessly in the hard seats.

Eventually the man finished his build-up, and told what the film was about. There were mute, sickly, protesting sounds from the males; eager, lip-smacking noises from the women. The film; God save the mark, was the portrayal in full Technicolor of a Caesarian operation for the delivery of triplets. The men, most of whom would turn deathly sick at a black and white movie of a splinter being removed from their finger, wanted to leave, but the same fascination that draws people to the scene of automobile accidents, only to send them away with stomachs in violent rebellion, held them spellbound in their seats.

Slowly the drama crept onto the screen. Mr. Walker stared in dull horror as the incision was deftly made, and he swallowed grimly and continuously while intimate innards, eight and ten feet high, floated ghastly-hued across the screen. In his frequent efforts to tear his eyes away from the revolting spectacle, he noticed a woman a few seats away staring with keen and excited attention at the colorful butchery in front of her. Then, as the first squirming triplet was produced, she turned to a friend.

"That's Ada!" she cried. "I'd know her anywhere."

She identified Jane and Mary, the next two arrivals, with the same cries of joyful recognition, and then settled down to watch with obvious relish the long and nervewracking embroidering which provided the denouement of the picture. At last the lights went up, revealing a group of white-faced men and chattering women. Walker took a good look at the self-possessed female who had identified the little cinema Caesars; she was discussing the picture with her friend and giggling slyly every few minutes. Another woman, noticing his interest, tapped him on the shoulder.

"Do you know who that is?" she whispered.

Walker confessed abysmal ignorance.

"That," said his informant, with triumph and pride in her sex, "is the woman who underwent the Caesarian you just saw. She just saw the picture for the first time."

Looking back in the cold light of day, Mr. Walker realized that he didn't actually run out of the place screaming; it just seemed like it at the time.

Rye In Rompers

Connoisseurs of eating and drinking

MAN TO MAN · MAN TO MAN

establishments will be glad to know that a well known New York bar on Fortieth Street—it's the hangout for those rough, tough, *Herald Tribune* drinkers—is endorsed by none other than Freddy Bartholomew, precocious pretty-boy of the pictures, and the darling of every mother's heart. Standing bravely among the blended ryes is a picture of the dewy-eyed prodigy, personally autographed with a cheery greeting to the boys across the bar.

Education

Early this spring a clothing store in Hanover, New Hampshire, was thoroughly gutted by a raging fire, and the proprietor, a Mr. Campion, did the expected thing and held a fire sale a few days after the disaster. (The chief of the town's volunteer fire department is a Mr. Piane, owner of the rival clothing store across the street. This has nothing to do with our story, but might give wrong-minded persons an idea of why the store burned so completely.) Hanover is the seat of Dartmouth College, a grim, windswept, pink and white monastery on the Connecticut River, and the Dartmouth students, never too flush with money, flocked around to pick up bargains.

The boys noticed that the damaged goods, especially the shoes, were spread out over a wide area, with only a few over-busy clerks to take care of the customers. Accordingly, half the college promptly went home, put on its oldest and rattiest pair of shoes, and visited the sale. Students would sit down, try on a pair of scarcely damaged shoes, put their own battered relics in with a pile of scorched footgear, and then walk calmly away. The clerks never had half a chance to see the exchange, and less opportunity to catch the exchanger. Not all the students succeeded in this maneuver, but enough got away with it so that by the end of the day some three hundred students were walking around the campus with resplendent feet, while Mr. Campion had on his hands some six-hundred shoes he couldn't sell from a Delancey Street pushcart for a nickel a pair.

What the students did with shoes today they can do with railroads tomorrow; meanwhile, American business men need never worry about effeteness of the modern college generation.

Bust-Research

Nothing is sacred. We say this with deep conviction — strengthened, the other day, when we ran into a man from the division of research and statistics of a brassiere company, of all things.

It seems that the brassiere people learned after incredible effort that the great majority of people still sleep in double beds, despite the propaganda put out by the twin-bed interests. Many a man will cheerfully admit that he still sleeps in a double bed, but there are very few who will relish the idea that this intimate idiosyncrasy is nothing today but a brassiere manufacturer's statistic. These same men will wonder, along with us, just what this fact has to do with the support-and-deception trade, and we don't blame them.

The explanation, while not simple, is fairly clear. After the brassiere snoopers settled the double bed question, they discovered that over ninety per cent of the couples sleep with the man's right side toward the outside of the bed, the woman's left side, of course, being also toward the outside. This doesn't sound like a very good explanation, we admit, but it's a necessary cog in the scheme of bust-

research, as you will soon see. For the scientists discovered next that the man's right arm, in normal embrace, falls across the woman's body in such a fashion that his right hand sleepily but naturally makes contact with the left breast of the woman. Now we're getting somewhere, and this brings us to the grand conclusion finally reached by the ubiquitous peeping-Toms that conduct these tests. This all accounts, they say, for the fact that the average woman's left breast is developed more fully than her right. Pretty clear, after all, isn't it?

As a result of this more-than-thorough investigation, the brassiere people are now putting out new models with what they call a "compensator"; the right breast is built up to conform to the larger left.

Notes on Nuns

A few weeks ago we watched a little incident in a Chicago bar that for no very good reason has been bothering us ever since. We were just in Chicago for a few hours between trains, and had dropped into a fairly nice bar near the Union Station.

About the time we were ordering our second beer, two nuns walked in the door, silently carrying their empty purses, making one of their many stops on the regular routine of charity work. Several of the men at the bar dropped money in the purses, and even the proprietor came up and contributed a half-dollar or so.

The sisters, however, were not at all satisfied, and wanted to go into the dining room to continue their solicitation. The owner, trying desperately to be polite but adamant, insisted that they go no further. The nuns, not in the least bothered, kept walking toward the dining room; they knew from long experience that the bewildered man wouldn't lay a hand on them. Finally, in desperation, the proprietor backed into the doorway which led to the back rooms and stood fast, arguing as best he could under the circumstances.

Faced with such resistance, the nuns could do nothing else but retreat, but they were pretty sore about the whole thing. One of them, as she approached the exit, turned and spoke.

"May God have mercy on your soul," she said, her eyes uplifted.

The second nun, too, turned as she was about to leave.

"The next time you go out driving," muttered this sister of charity in a voice dark with doom, "I hope your car is wrecked!"

Spider Farm

There's a little matter in connection with one Pierre Grantaire that's needed clearing up for quite a while now, and this seems as good a time as any. Back in 1898, to start at the beginning, Ralph D. Paine, a Philadelphia newspaperman, found news fairly scarce one Sunday, so he concocted a pleasant little imaginative piece about an enterprising Frenchman, the M. Grantaire mentioned above, who maintained the world's only spider farm "out on Lancaster Pike." The article was filled with deft, authentic-sounding details; for example, Grantaire, according to Paine, raised these spiders for wine merchants, so that they could give their cellars the appearance of great age.

We imagine he felt pretty pleased at the way the piece read when he'd finished—as we would have, too—and probably went home to sleep the newspaperman's sleep of the just feeling fairly well satisfied. Little did he know what he'd started, though. It later appeared, much to his surprise, in the now defunct Philadelphia *Press*, and thousands of people took the story seriously—the more enthusiastic even writing in and asking for Grantaire's address.

About all that happened at the time was that Paine suddenly decided that he had a flair for writing fiction and began to work at it in earnest. The story, however, kept cropping up for years; once, in fact, a man visited Paine's office in the New York *Herald* and tried to sell *him* the article, explaining that he had gone "out on the

Lancaster Pike" and interviewed Pierre. Paine turned down the story with regret, as he still thought it a good one, and gave the man a dollar for his trouble. Before Paine died, in 1925, it had appeared several times more, mostly in popular and religious magazines—under headings like "Scientific Notes" and "Nuggets of Fact."

A few months ago, though, it received what was by all odds its most thorough interpretation. An author named James Miller wrote glowingly of the pets of M. Grantaire, of the webs they spin, and of the new wine they help sell, in a magazine called *Mechanics and Handicraft*—illustrated with photographs!

Currently there's a rumor going about that *Fortune* is sending out a group of investigators—half to Philly, half to France—and will run a story on Pierre, with four pages of graphs and seventeen pastel abstractions inspired by spiderwebs. This is just to let the boys know that they're on the wrong track.

Choice of Weapons

Word has reached us that the Marlin Company, maker of fine rifles, has given up the gun-manufacturing business. Why they did this at a time like the present is something we haven't been able to figure out; what really interests us is the product to which they have switched in their hour of need—razor blades!

Did anyone say: "swords into ploughshares?"

Skeptical Scribe

There were people who, shortly before the second Dempsey-Tunney bout, said that Jack had lost his punch. There were those, too, who defended the Manassa Mauler stoutly; all in all, opinion was pretty evenly divided —even among the newspapermen.

There was one sports writer, though, who thought he ought to find out more definitely, and give his readers the real facts of the matter in question. The conscientious scribe was Paul Gallico—a younger, less bulky Gallico, but even then the practice-what-you-write sort of reporter that he was when he went down the borax slide in a department store, ten years later, in order to write better skiing stories.

Paul, as did his colleagues, went up to Dempsey at his training camp to ask him about the lost-punch theory. Dempsey said, of course, that he hadn't lost his punch at all, and the other reporters went away to agree or disagree with him, as they saw fit. Paul, though, stuck around, mustering up a strong do-or-die-for-Journalism spirit, and finally made Dempsey a proposition. He asked Jack to go a few rounds with him in the gymnasium; it was the only way, he said, that he could write his story and write it so that it meant something. Dempsey laughed politely but faintly, the way most athletes laugh at sports writers' jokes, and started to walk away.

Gallico kept insisting. He had boxed some in college, he explained, and he was sure he could defend himself for a few rounds. Dempsey tried to indicate very slowly and carefully that once he got into the ring he was just a fighter, and never stopped to think whether the man he was opposing was a friend or foe; that he just tried to cut down the other man in the shortest time possible. Paul, inclined to look on this bloodthirsty, wild-beast-in-the-ring talk as largely the invention of inspired publicity men, passed loftily over this objection, and insisted that Dempsey put the gloves on with him and settle the question one way or the other. Jack finally said oh what the hell, and gloves were brought.

Jack came into the center of the ring in that famed Dempsey crouch, lips bared in a snarl. Paul shuffled out more slowly, with the most all-inclusive guard he could manufacture from two arms and a pair of elbows. They both made a few tentative stabs, and then Dempsey let one go that caught Gallico right over the heart. Ten or fifteen minutes later Gallico came to, and found that by taking short, shallow breaths he might expect to get through the rest of the day without

excessive pain. Dempsey apologized profusely, while Paul, wearing what is called a "game smile," crawled painfully home to his typewriter.

The lead on his next morning's story, we scarcely need add, was "Jack Dempsey has not lost his punch."

Eyes Right

A pair of Frankenstein-minded biologists up at the University of Rochester gave us a pretty bad turn recently by announcing the results of some operations they had made on the long-suffering fruit fly. It seems that by a delicate operation, involving the transplanting of genes (we'll get around to these later), they can produce fruit flies with three eyes. Under strict cross-examination, they failed to explain just what they would do with these three-eyed flies once they got them. They could show them to their friends, we suppose, or have them mounted as watch charms, but this would get pretty tiresome after a while, and then they would just be left with a bunch of three-eyed fruit flies on their hands, a very silly predicament no matter how you look at it.

We'll let them worry about this, however; what bothers us is the statement that this transplanting ability "might well have an eventual application to the study of human heredity." It so happens that we have a pretty fine collection of genes ourselves, which we are guarding very jealously—genes, by the way, are little things in your germ cells that give your children big, blue eyes and bow legs instead of soulful brown eyes and buck teeth—and we aren't going to let anybody monkey around with them. Our children are going to look funny enough as it is; any scientist that thinks he is going to make them three-eyed is in for a lot of trouble.

Blessed Event

Walter Winchell, H. L. Mencken's favorite slang-slinger, has been with Hearst so long that he seems almost like a part of the Old Man's office furniture, but there are many of us victims of senile decay who remember him as a pillar of cloud and fire on Mr. Macfadden's late but scarcely lamented New York *Graphic.* And it was only the other day, mind you, that we learned how it was that he left the *Graphic* to become chief circulation-getter for its bitter rival, Hearst's New York *Daily Mirror.*

Emile Gauvreau, managing editor of the *Mirror* until he mentioned, in a book, that Russia wasn't quite as bad as Hearst painted it, was at that time managing editor of the *Graphic,* and both he and Winchell were bound to Mr. Macfadden by long and un-loophole contracts. Both of them, moreover, were getting very juicy offers from Mr. Hearst, offers that made the *Graphic* stipend look like expense money for subway fares and phone calls. Macfadden hung on to them with increasing affection, however, and the two spent a good many sleepless nights watching the Hearst fortune trickle slowly out of reach. Eventually, as so often happens, they got an idea.

One afternoon, a day or so after the inspiration, Winchell walked over to Gauvreau's desk, and started talking to him. Before the staring reporters knew what was happening, Winchell started throwing fists around the office, and finally gave Gauvreau a crack in the face that sent him spinning into a pile of old *Herald Tribunes.* Gauvreau, boiling mad, got to his feet, and, in a voice that shook the cracked wheat on Macfadden's desk, told Winchell that he was fired. The columnist, his rage evaporated, shouted something about his contract being broken, and ran over to Hearst.

It wasn't long before Macfadden heard the news, and in a fine frenzy of rage told Gauvreau to get the hell out of his office and stop breaking up his staff. Gauvreau, an even faster runner than Winchell, lost no time in getting over to the Hearst office, where he and Winchell grinned happily at each other, and settled down to the grim task of trying to get circulation away from the *Daily News.*

The Great
NIPPONESE MYSTERY

Blasting the myth of the Oriental miss

BRAT AND BOY I had lived many years in Japan and traveled in China besides. But Oriental women to me then were just funnily dressed females with set functions. For years one was my *amah*, or nursemaid, who screeched at me unmercifully when I was very young; another was the general maid; another served on the table; and still another worked in the kitchen, stripped to the waist when she scrubbed the floor. But her dimpled shoulders and swaying breasts were just the marks of a female. You see women nursing babies all over Japan, in trams, on the streets, in parks, theatres, and in stores. And the most attractive girls go sea-bathing in the nude, or in just a pair of trunks, at Dzushi and other resorts. A nude woman then meant no more to me than one fully dressed. I simply never looked at them.

But at the delightful age of 17, with an ill-earned prep school diploma in my pocket, two new suits in my trunk, and an eye recently appreciative of a pretty ankle or a sun-tanned knee, Father's terse cable—"*Take Shinyo Maru Friday*"—filled me with ambition for delights previously neglected.

During the strange years of school in the United States, when one fact of life after another had crashed upon me, the subject of girls was much heard in our dormitory bull-sessions. In the course of events, strange tales began to reach our ears about the females of the Orient.

Everyone asked me, knowing that I had lived there, if it were true the maidens of Nippon and China were—biologically—not quite on the up-and-up.

I blushed. Frankly I didn't know. I had seen thousands of Japanese girls in the nude—at the beaches, in the public baths—and I had not given them as much as a second glance.

Now I was commissioned by my schoolmates to find out. And I did.

Fujiyama loomed up in the mist early one morning, its snowy crest pink in the upper sun. Father came out to meet me in the customs boat, and soon we were gliding through Yokohama's narrow streets on the ghostly silent wheels of rickshaws.

If Father had not met me at the boat I had planned to climb into a rickshaw and yell lustily: "*Yoshiwara!*" The Yoshiwara is the licensed quarter. But because that of Yokohama is patronized by every sort of seaport riff-raff, I learned later, it is not recommended. We went home to Tokyo.

The Yoshiwara in Tokyo, at Asakusa Park, is world famous. There is only one gate, at which a police guard keeps a strict eye on every person entering and leaving. Here is where the smart little Japanese police seize most of the hunted criminals of the empire. It is the old *Cherchez la femme* trick in a new guise. And once anyone goes in, he cannot get out without being spotted. Because of the police guard there, few foreigners like to go to the Yoshiwara except strictly as sightseers.

I made a half dozen visits, trying to dare myself to stay, my curiosity becoming more aroused each time as I listened to the songs, music, and laughter behind the lacquered walls. At each visit I wondered if it should ever

By MATT WALKER

be that I would walk out the Great *Omon* Gate unchaste—a man!

I decided that the next visit, come what may, I would do just that. That next time never arrived. Father suddenly asked me to go south to the ancient capital of Kyoto to transact some small business deal for him.

An early morning train out of Tokyo got me to Kyoto too late in the afternoon to run Father's errands, but in time for me to strike up a chummy acquaintance with a rickshaw coolie.

I had hired Ichigo—for such was his name, and which means Strawberry, of all things!—at the hotel. He went on Father's bill, along with meals—at the ridiculous charge of 50 cents a day. For this munificent sum he hauled me everywhere. And Ichigo and I went places.

Following dinner at the hotel I met Ichigo at the front steps. He greeted me with smiles and bows and bundled me into the rickshaw, tenderly tucking my feet into a worn robe, although it was a sultry night.

But there was something on my mind.

"Where will the master go now?" he asked.

"Eto!" I hemmed, which is the Japanese for "Well—er—arrumph!"

Ichigo flashed his lonely tusks. "Is it the Yoshiwara?"

I hesitated but he decided for me. Grinning, he took up the shafts and jogged off. We left the brilliancy of Theatre Street behind and began a tortuous trip through dark narrow lanes, Ichigo ringing a bicycle bell every so often, and shouting a warning *"Hai! Hai!"* to warn woozy wayfarers.

I was Yoshiwara-bound. The die was cast and something in my throat kept me from crying out against it.

Presently we came into a brightly lit quarter. Ichigo circled about, spotted a good place to park the rickshaw and let the shafts down gently.

For a moment I hesitated. Then, with sudden courage, I stepped out of the rickshaw and looked around.

"This way," said the coolie, and I obediently followed him.

We entered through an enormous gate. Inside, people were milling about—soldiers, sailors, clerks, students, staid business men, and hawkers of sweet beans, fish, bean custard, cakes, and heady Japanese wine, *sake*. I noticed that most of the hawkers were young girls.

The houses lining the "main street" of Kyoto's Yoshiwara were not as imposing as those of Tokyo, but they all glittered with coruscated gold, black and red lacquer and blue and green carvings. These were the Number One, the expensive houses. At each house there was an elaborate lobby, decorated with life-size portraits of the inmates in color, like the posters in the lobby of an American movie palace. Every girl was depicted as the acme of beauty, the essence of charm, the utmost in glamour. A Hollywood producer would be shamed by the ballyhoo accorded each of these women of pleasure!

I roamed into one lobby after the other. In one an old hag—a female who long ago had lost her charm and was living on that of her successors—approached.

"Nice girls, heh?" she cackled, leering with wicked, blood-soaked eyes, mauling me with gnarled brown hands.

I shuddered, wriggling away. I investigated other lobbies. It was the same. Old hags and pictures of doll-faced girls. There was a striking similarity in the posters. They palled, and lacked allure. Perhaps, if the girls could appeal to one personally from behind barred windows, as they did a few years ago, it would have been different. But the missionaries have put a stop to that.

"Master—" Ichigo, who had been following me, seized my arm. "If you do not like these, I know one you will like . . ."

I let Ichigo lead me down a maze of alleys until we finally came to a small, paper-walled house. The silhouetted shadows on its opaque windows made it look romantic, even if

it was not strictly "first class."

Ichigo pulled a bell cord. We waited a moment and then a maid slid open a door, bowing low. Ichigo greeted her and I stepped across the threshold—

Taking off my shoes, I was bade to climb the stairs. Japanese stairs are as steep as those on a ship and twice as treacherous, worn smooth and slippery from the polishing of stockinged feet. If I slipped once or twice while making that momentous ascent, it was not because I was going up them in my sock-feet — I was downright scared! I imagine that everyone has had the same sensation when he, or she, steps over that Awful Boundary that separates the uninitiate from the sophisticate.

A girl, who could not have been more than 12 or 13, ushered me into a matted room. On the walls were prints of birds and flowers and fish, of mountains coolly swept with dew, and waterfalls perpetually roaring off into a corner of a frame; in one corner was a vase of mundane willow sprays on a pedestal. They were of the world I had left behind. Would everything, I thought, look the same afterwards?

Laughingly the girl bade me squat on a silk cushion beside a foot-high lacquer table. Then she brought in hot green tea, tangerines peeled in a fancy manner, and rice cakes.

"Wine?" she asked.

"No thank you," I replied hoarsely.

"Beer-u?"

"No, I don't like beer."

She sat down on the cushion beside me and poured tea.

I drank the tea. The girl tittered. Then she assisted me in removing my coat, and started to unbuckle my belt. But I wound my arms around my waist in terror. She tittered again, and got up, slithering back across the matted floor with a cotton kimono for me to don without her assistance. As she politely left the room she remarked that my Honorable Wife-of-the-Evening was making herself ready.

Left alone, the cotton kimono, dizzy with dragonflies chasing each other around in the pattern, lay heavily in my lap. To put it on or not was a serious question.

But my mind was speedily made up for me. A gentle knock at the sliding paper wall at my back was followed immediately afterward by the swish of silk. And coming to my side in the dim light and sitting beside me was a figure that looked as though she had stepped out of an old print by Hokusai.

Then she spoiled the apparition by snickering and sticking a long-nailed finger into my cheek. This was her way of being coy.

"But, Honorable Guest!" she giggled, aghast. "You are not undressed!"

I managed to smile. It must have looked pretty sick, at that. "No," I agreed. "I—"

She laughed in the bashful way of all Japanese women, ducking her face behind a flowery sleeve and peeping shyly above it, her almond eyes glistening with mischief. Then she pointed to the *futans,* several layers of thickly padded blankets off in the corner—a Japanese bed.

Then she turned out the light and helped me undress in the darkness.

Ichigo was talking to the maid while waiting for me as I slithered down the stairs, eager to be off. Through me swept a feeling of chagrin, remorse and shame. What had I done? Dared I look anyone in the eye again? I felt somehow guilt must be plainly written and glowing in my face.

When we started back to the big gate, samisans and smutty songs smiting our ears from both sides of the muddy little alleys, a sudden thought struck me forcefully between the ears:

I had been so frightened during my tryst that I had not ascertained the truth that was the reason of my quest!

We picked up the rickshaw outside the gate and Ichigo started off in what seemed to be the wrong direction from whence we had come.

"Hey! Where we going?" I cried. I had achieved manhood, yet I was like a little child, afraid of shadows.

"Bathhouse," Ichigo called back over his shoulder, not even slackening his pace.

He stopped before an ornate and brilliantly lit establishment. I paid six *sen*, about 3 cents apiece, at a wicket and was handed a wooden slab which entitled us to soap, towel and wicker basket in which to put our clothes. We entered a cement-floored room, hot with steam. Through the warm mist I could see the shadows of little brown bodies of men, women, and children as they nonchalantly strode about, visiting and gossiping in the nude.

Ichigo and I undressed. Ichigo, very business-like, picked up a wooden pail of hot water and tossed it over me. I shrieked. Laughing, Ichigo bade me squat on my haunches as he applied a liberal amount of baby-pink soap to my wet skin, working up a pungent lather. Then he dumped a bucket of water over himself and soaped up. A minute or so later he threw another bucket of steaming water over me, rinsing me off. Another followed for good measure, and then came a bucket of icy water that made me howl. Ichigo led me to the main bath—a huge tub, as big as a small swimming tank, under which a fire is kept going day and night.

A score or more heads were bobbing on the surface. The water was hot, and it took some time for me to inch in, a toe at a time. Finally I managed to sink up to my neck with a gasp, and looked around. Next to me was an old woman, talking to a young apple-cheeked girl. Ichigo beamed at a bald-headed fellow and they started an animated conversation, although they were both strangers to each other.

Soaking contentedly, chatting with a head that loomed up every now and then through the steam, my rickshaw coolie and I spent an enjoyable hour. Here, I thought, was democracy in the very real sense. Finally we pulled ourselves out and Ichigo dried my back for me with a wet towel.

But again my quest was a failure. I could not see clearly enough through the steam as the women and girls climbed out of the tubs or paraded around the dressing room.

Back at the hotel I mused over the evening. Strangely I felt no different than I had before. Then, proudly, I picked up a pen and dashed off a glowing letter to a pal in Tokyo, the son of a South American envoy, regretting that he had not been with me and exaggerating on all that he had missed.

Two mornings later found me back in Tokyo. Francisco was at the station to meet me. As we rode back to the residential section in Akasaka in the legation car, Francisco—his big, limpid brown Spanish eyes bulging—imparted the news that his father had gotten hold of my juicy epistle. My heart sank. The Minister was bound to tell Father—parents in the Orient have a penchant for keeping the sons of other men on the straight-and-narrow, quite often forgetting their own.

That afternoon I was having tea at the legation: I had rather much of a crush on Francisco's vivacious, black-eyed sister. All at once the Minister's secretary appeared discreetly from behind a screen and motioned to me. I almost dropped my teacup, but managed to excuse myself with all the aplomb of a man-of-the-world. I followed the secretary into the chancery.

The Minister glowered at me over the rim of the tortoise shell pince nez.

"Matthew!" he bellowed. "Sit down!"

"Yes, Senor," I answered meekly, my knees visibly wobbling.

"You were in Kyoto. You had a woman there!"

I nodded weakly.

"You had there, in Kyoto, a *five yen*

LAWRENCE LARIAR

"I put it in to discourage salesmen"

woman! Is it not so?"

Again I nodded.

"Matthew! *Por Dios!* Never have a *five yen* woman! Never! You hear?"

"Yes—"

He paused and stared ferociously. I fidgeted.

"If, Matthew, you *must* have a woman—always get a *twenty-five yen* woman!"

I gulped. "Yes, senor."

"Now, go finish your tea. But remember, *amigo,* what I have said."

I went swaggering back to the drawing room, wiser to the ways of men and the world.

A few days later, just prior to my departure to the States for college, young Marquis Yakamashi said he would be extremely flattered if I would be his guest at his father's villa at Kamakura. I was delighted.

The second evening of my stay young Yakamashi shoved his after-dinner wine cup aside with an impatient gesture.

"Tonight," he said, scowling, "I feel that the company of women would be most desirable. And you, Matthew-San?"

"That," I answered, "is entirely up to you."

Privately I was thinking it seemed a good chance to find out what I wanted to know, my previous efforts having so miserably failed.

We motored to Yokohama, some 36 miles away.

"Are we going to Number 9?" I asked. Number 9 is an internationally famous address, but I question if any one can tell you exactly what street it is on.

"No, no," wealthy Yakamashi replied. "Number 9 is extremely unsatisfactory. They have no better than twenty-five yen women there. Sa!"

I remembered Senor Pancho's admonition and smiled. Could I tell *him* something now!

Eventually the car entered the city and made its harrassed way through the teeming streets to a two-story house on a dark side alley. Although well lighted, it was strangely silent. There was no twanging of the ever-present *samisan,* no song, no laughter. That seemed strange, for I associated all those sounds with rice wine and women.

The chauffeur got out and rang the bell. When the door was opened, the young Marquis leaped out, saying: "Come along."

I got out gingerly and followed him to the door.

"*Irasshai!* Welcome!" shrilled the men and women servants.

Abandoning our shoes, we went inside and squatted upon silken cushions as two little girls brought in wine and fruit and little plates of raw fish soaked in *soy bean* sauce.

"The girls are waiting," the young woman who met us at the door announced.

The young Marquis, his face puckered on a sour plum, said, "Let us go."

Puzzled, I asked, "Go where?"

Yakamashi laughed. "Have you never been in a Guide-House before?"

"A—Guide-House? What—?"

"Of course. We have to pick up a jester and a singing girl and have our women engaged for us."

We went out in the vestibule to collect our shoes and found four rickshaws waiting for us. One was for the singing girl, another for the clown and the other two for us. We made quite a procession. After a ride of some miles through the back streets of the city we came to a stop in front of an imposing structure at the foot of a bluff, on top of which a temple could be seen outlined in the pale night. The twang of the samisan made the night raucous. There was laughter and singing.

Half a dozen servants ran out. The place fairly reeked with hospitality, and

we were escorted with much pomp to a second floor suite.

New green mats were on the floor of the room and a pot of hot wine was on the table. Yakamashi and I sat down. The clown clapped his hands to call in the maid and our *samisan* girl tried out the strings of her instrument. I was ready for anything. But I was totally unprepared for the next stage.

Ten little girls, dressed in flowery kimono, came in giggling, squatting around us.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Marquis. "We bathe!"

Well, I had had a bath that day, but I was willing to get the works. Five little girls escorted the Marquis out of the room and the remaining five took me in charge.

We entered a large, dark chamber where, intermingled with steam was the pungent odor of hyacinth. Quickly the little girls had my clothes off and beckoned me into the tub. The water was not too hot and I managed to submerge my embarrassment. Then, one by one, the little girls, none of them older than 15, shed their brilliant kimonos and climbed in with me.

I took an awful soaping. The lather fairly flew—there was a girl to wash between the toes of each foot, two others to scour my armpits, and a fifth to attend to the rest of me. Scoured, I was bade to *exeunt* and be dried. I was given a silk kimono, then sprayed with a pungent perfume, which I suffered to be rubbed into my hair. I emerged a walking hyacinth.

Escorted back to the green-matted room, I saw Yakamashi sitting on his cushion, our singing girl amusing him.

Yakamashi clapped his hands. The clown quit acting funny and wriggled over the slippery mats to slide open a door.

A dozen or more maidens, all dressed in pink kimonos, shuffled in, single file. They stood before us in a semi-circle.

"Which one, Matthew-San, do you want?" he asked.

Well! That was embarrassing, too. Not only were they all pretty, but—picking your woman, like a housewife selects a choice fish out of a cart—was a new one on me. I finally pointed to one on the end.

My choice was a beauty, really. She was peaches and cream and don't let anyone tell you Japanese women are "yellow." They are all beauties, an old ivory white. And that does not exclude "coolie" women.

The young Marquis then took his choice, selecting one from the middle of the pink ensemble. Those that were spurned all bowed, thanked us nicely for even considering them, and withdrew.

Now the night began. The clown performed, the singing girl sang, and we all drank a considerable amount of wine. Finally the mistress of the house bowed herself in and announced that it was midnight.

That was the signal for the clown and the singing girl to disappear discreetly. The girl of my choice shyly slid a wall out of the way and urged me to follow. The young Marquis vanished behind another panel.

I don't know how much the Marquis paid for our night of revelry, but I can report to you and the Latin Minister that, five *yen* or a thousand, it is all the same. And, on re-checking back to that baffling question they asked me back in the States, the answer is: "NO!"

The most unpopular girl of all is the one who plays strip-poker all night without a let-down.

Grade-A Mugg

Slices from the saga of Little Peavey, a pal in need—indeed

ABOUT newspaper business they say it is such fun because you meet "so many interesting people." Muttering "nuts" under my ginny breath, let me herewith present a portrait of Little Peavey.

Little Peavey Petrocelli, his name was. He weighed 172, stood five-feet-four, and had the general outlines of a beer keg. His face was not particularly sinister until you saw his eyes. Ham writers talk about "venomous eyes," and I always thought such descriptions screwy. But not after I met Little Peavey. His face was round, somewhat cherubic, cheeks like apples, comfortable fat was on his jowls, and even his broken nose implanted the impression that here was a mongrel that had been kicked around too much—a mongrel who could really appreciate a bone with some meat on it and a nice, warm place to sleep. Then, suddenly, you noticed his eyes.

They were deep-set in pig-like sockets. The upper lids were puffed just enough to give the effect of sleepy, though deadly, deliberation. The irises, which almost filled the pupils, were black like coal, and from the glittering centers radiated startlingly bright filaments of green. Behind those orbs was a smouldering fire—not intelligence, but suspicion, overweening self-confidence, hatred of things in general, and a sense of physical mastery. Above all, the disconcerting factor was the steadiness of Little Peavey's gaze. When he looked at you, you automatically visioned a photograph marked with an "X" showing where your body was found.

Nice fellow, Little Peavey.

He first blew into the office one autumn afternoon and

By ANTON J. MELOY

handed the assistant city editor a spiel about having the honest-to-Jesus lowdown on the then recent murder of Dutch Schultz, and how much would it be worth to us? Since I am supposed to be our sheet's crime expert, he was turned over to me.

"Sure, I know da boys what bumped off da Dutchman," growled Little Peavey between his discolored teeth, after he had planted his fanny on the corner of my desk and leaned forward in a confidential pose to poke me in the chest. "Sure, it was a few boys from over in Greenpoint. You know dat guy who's supposed to have been dropped in da drink wit' cement for a coffin? Hell, he ain't cooled off any more dan I am; I just saw him a couple hours ago—he's hidin' out in a little flat up on Foist Avenue. An' dey didn' do it on account of slot machines at all . . . Naw, dat's a lot of hooey. It was dis way: The Dutchman crossed up a guy in de Bronx over a dame a few mont's ago, and de dame she goes and spills her guts to another outfit. Get it? An' so. . . . But what de hell! I should be tellin' all dis to you when I ain't even seen de color of your dough! You gotta come across before I sing, Brother. How about it?"

Little Peavey did look as though he could use some cash. It was a chilly day, but all he wore was a turtle-neck sweater above his greasy dungarees. Through a hole in the chest of his sweater stuck a tuft of black hair. His shoes were rounded at the heels.

"Sure, sure, go ahead, look me over," he urged. "De only trouble wit' me is, I'm goin' straight. If I wanted to play ball wit' de boys again, I'd get my fancy rags out of hock overnight. But I'm straight, see? I'm an ex-con, too, an' when you're an ex-con you keep a job just a week or two an' bam! like that, a copper spots you an' tells your boss an' you land out on the old can. Right now, I'm drivin' a truck—best damn truck driver you ever saw, too—but it won't last. Just today, I saw a copper bastard squinting at my mugg. Dat's why I come to you."

I nodded sympathetically.

"An' I could go back wit' de boys any time I want to, too, see?" exclaimed Little Peavey, then put both hands on the typewriter, and leaned toward me.

"Listen, I'm in a tough spot, see?" His voice now had undertones of some tender emotion. "It ain't for myself I want dis dough from you people. But de little woman—de little woman who all de time wants me to go straight—is in de hospital wit' two kids. Not one bambino, see (?), but two. Twins—and de little woman had a tough time. She's got to stay flat on her back for six weeks, de doc says, and what de hell am I gonna use for cash? And de kids—honest-to-Jesus, dey're de sweetest little

brats you ever saw. But"—and Little Peavey's remarkable eyes were brimming now with fine sentiment—"but if dey cost de life of de little woman, dey ain't woith it."

Well, you can't find any bigger sucker than a newspaper reporter. Maybe we boys put on a cynical exterior, but we're a bunch of old-fashioned heart-bleeders. And I am no exception.

Little Peavey's story was an old one to me. In my time I have met more than a few ex-cons, pimps, killers, and prostitutes. I have had sad experiences with these gentry, too. But regardless of past performances, I have been, like the race track gambler, always ready and eager to plunk my money down on the next long-shot that came along. Let an ex-con come to me with a story of going straight in spite of cop-persecution, let him have a wife and a couple of kids in the hospital, let him be as good an actor as Little Peavey, and—well, I always was a pushover.

I did take the precaution of calling the hospital. Yes, they told me, Mrs. Petrocelli was a patient there, and yes, she had recently given painful birth to a set of twins. That was enough to convince me. My messianic impulses were in full swing; I would do everything in my power for poor Little Peavey, and some day my reward would come in seeing him happily situated in a decent job, his wife and kiddies romping about a vine-clad cottage far from the evil influences that draw innocents into a life of crime.

Momentarily Peavey's eyes did not strike me as being sinister; rather, they seemed to be the eyes of a bewildered small boy who had suffered many unkind blows from Fate.

The first step toward rehabilitation was to get a check for Peavey from the business office. While the alleged ex-mobster tilted himself back in my chair and blew smoke ceilingward from one of my cigarettes, I put the squeeze on the Managing Editor. It was no easy job to convince him that we had an exclusive story worth a couple of hundred bucks.

"But it's a hell of a swell piece," I argued. "Run it in six installments and the circulation department will kiss your feet. This guy has got the real low-down."

Finally my argument went over, and Little Peavey stepped out of the office with a fifty-dollar advance (cash) plus a little something from my own pocketbook to buy flowers for "the little woman." He promised to return on the morrow, to start collaborating on the story about the Dutchman.

Next day, Little Peavey tele-

phoned. I steeled myself.

"Hey, Tony," he said—he made fast friends in a hurry if there was anything in it for him—"Hey, Tony, I can't see you dis afternoon; but how about tonight? De coppers saw me on dis job, so I had to woik fast; you know how it is. Maybe I could come to your house tonight, see? About six p.m., see?"

Not until I was on my way home did I remember that my own little woman had invited people in for dinner that evening—a couple who had voted for Landon and were interested in the Epworth League. At first I thought of turning Peavey away, but then I thought of his already well-developed sense of inferiority, and, besides, we would have to run his story soon or not at all. So when the doorbell rang I mumbled something about having a business friend in for a short time, and went to greet my ragamuffin emissary from what is known as the underworld.

"Hello, pal!" Little Peavey shouted. "Didn't know me, didja?"

Your Good Samaritan had his first shock of disillusionment. With the fifty dollars cash Peavey had taken his fancy clothes out of hock. He wore a purple suit with two-inch yellow plaids, fitted tightly in the waist and pleated in the back; a green Borsalino that tilted rakishly over his left eye, a red shirt and a scrambled-egg cravat that sported an immense garnet stick-pin, and, to top off the ensemble, shoes and gloves in a matching shade of yellow. He carried a bunch of flowers obviously picked up from a hawker in the subway.

"T'ought I'd bring a few posies f'r de missus," he explained. "T'ought it'd save time if we talked dis t'ing over while we was eatin' dinner, see? An' when Peavey Petrocelli is asked some place f'r dinner, he always brings posies f'r de missus of de house, see?"

Weak-kneed, I brought Peavey inside and introduced him to my wife and to our guests. Scarcely had he responded effusively to the introductions when he asked for a drink. Scorning the Epworth Leaguers, I went out and fixed a round of Old-Fashioneds.

"Say, what is dis, anyways?" Peavey demanded, peering disgustedly at the cherry, the slice of pineapple, the slice of orange and lemon. "Dis is a sissy drink. In my neighborhood we take de stuff straight. Jeez, how de boys would laugh if dey could see me now!"

He downed the drink in a gulp and mutely held out his glass for another. As I was in the kitchen pouring out another double-jigger, I heard him tell the lady

guest that she looked just like one of Polly Adler's girls he used to know. Peavey took the second Old-Fashioned in his stride, then a third and a fourth. Pretty soon he was getting lachrymose about "de little woman" in the hospital, and comparing her in a most favorable light with the females present.

"Now dere's a woman f'r you, see?" he said. "A nice clean dame. No clap, no siff, no nothin'. She can write her ticket wid me anytime she feels like it. She's aces, see?"

We finally got to dinner. Peavey lapsed into a meditative silence all through the meal, except when he knocked over and broke one of our prized wedding-present goblets while reaching for his sixth slice of bread. Then he said, "Aw, what th' hell, lady, I'll buy you a dozen."

The Epworth Leaguers left early. Little Peavey stayed all night.

Next day, after feeding Peavey liberally with the hair of the dog, I got his angle on the Schultz case and wrote it as it finally appeared in six installments. But the story was only incidental in the case. Despite the incident of the dinner party, my Samaritan instincts still were going full force. I determined to find Peavey a job. Whether the coppers were responsible or not, he lost his place driving a truck.

Near the plant was a restaurant whose proprietor I knew. By giving him a sob story, and reminding him of our patronage, I persuaded him to take Peavey on at ten dollars a week as bus-boy. Within a week my protege had talked himself into a position as waiter in slack periods during the day. Then he got a swell idea to go around to all the office buildings in the neighborhood and solicit orders for box lunches from workers who were too busy to go out to eat. He came in one afternoon with the announcement that sixty box-lunches were to be made up for delivery by him on the morrow. The proprietor, gratified by his faith in a man going straight, put the force to work assembling sandwiches, baking pies, and so on.

Peavey was to have showed up at eleven-thirty to deliver the boxes, and only he knew who had ordered them. He never appeared. The restaurant boss had to send all the food down to a Bowery mission, to be distributed among the bums, rather than let it go to waste.

Two days later a slightly repentant Peavey showed up at my apartment.

"Jeez, Tony, I'm sorry about dat," he apologized, "but you see, it was dis way. A wise guy woikin' behind de counter gets wise to de fact dat I'm a ex-con,

MIKE BERRY

"And that ring you gave my wife, sir, is phony!"

see? An' he makes a crack about it, see? So it hurts my feelin's, and I decides to hell wit' everybody at de joint."

A light dawned on me.

"You don't mean Jack, who was found beaten up in an alley the other night?" I asked.

"Yeah, I guess so. An'—well, Jeez, Tony, I can't help it if some guy gets himself hoit in an accident, can I? 'Sfunny how many guys have accidents. . . . I was just thinkin', pal, dat I spent all de dough I got from de paper on doctors f'r de little woman. You couldn't loan me a sawbuck 'till I get on me feet again, could you?"

I gave him another installment of a hundred or more bucks which I eventually loaned him, and went to an influential officer connected with the parole board to urge that he find Peavey a job outside of New York where he would be free from persecution and where, incidentally, he would be unable to appeal to my tender heart.

"He's still on parole," said this official, "and he has a record as an incorrigible. But on account of you and your paper, I'll do the best I can. Of course, you will have to be responsible for him. . . ."

Two days later, Little Peavey visited me at my office. He had with him a slatternly platinum blonde with one of the most habitually complaisant smiles I have ever seen.

"Oh, so this is the little . . . I mean this must be Mrs. Petrocelli," I said. "You must have had a quick recovery."

Peavey shifted from one foot to another.

"No, de little woman is still in de hospital," he hurried to explain. "Tony, I want you to meet Lucy Garrett, de best damn' little strip-teaser Minsky has made money on since he was knee-high to Gypsy Rose Lee. Dis little doll was temporary out of employment, see? So she . . ."

"You know how it is wid us goils in the city," the lady put in. "We gotta eat, don't we. An' men bein' what dey are. . . ."

"Yeah," said Peavey, "so she goes into a 'house,' see? An' dey don't treat her right. So las' night me an' some of my pals break in and wreck de joint and I grabs Lucy and takes her down to a little flat I got where she can stay under cover."

"Jeez, Peavey," exclaimed Lucy pridefully, "if dose East Side boys ever catch up wid you. . . ."

I thought of Mrs. Petrocelli in the hospital with her twins. I thought of the sob stuff I had swallowed. I thought of the official I had contacted, and his statement that I would be responsible. Painfully but surely the Samaritan was being cured once more.

My changed attitude must have transmitted itself to Little Peavey, for as the weeks passed he dropped in less and less to make a touch. True, my wife

and I did take care of the twins for a week when Mrs. Petrocelli got out of the hospital and went up to the country to find a place to live with relatives. Too, I shelled out a few more loans, and my wife found some discarded hats and evening gowns for Lucy to wear. But gradually I clamped down. Peavey's protestations that he would repay everything no longer touched me. Clearly, he was wounded to the quick, but fortunately he did not find it advisable to arrange an "accident" for me—though he may if he reads this article.

I suspected that he drifted back into the minor rackets whence he came, but I had the delicacy never to question him about the matter. His wife and the kids became settled upstate, and Peavey and Lucy established a love nest in the Harlem Market district. Toward the last, a couple of months would pass before I heard from him.

Then, shortly before three in the morning the telephone woke me.

It was Little Peavey Petrocelli.

"How are yah, Tony. I'm in a jam, boy, or I wouldn't call yuh. I got to make a touch, see?"

As I remember it there was a real tremor of urgency in the voice that floated to my sleepy brain.

"It ain't money, see," his nasal whine continued. "I gotta get a pint a blood."

A pint of blood! That woke me up and I asked, "What for?"

"It's da little woman—my wife, see? She's sick again an' she's gotta have a blood transflusion, or somet'ing like dat. I gotta get a pint of the red stuff quick, an' I thought as we was pals—"

"Sorry, Peavey," I responded, "but my blood wouldn't be any good at all. I know how much you admire Mrs. Petrocelli, and after what my doctor told me after examining me last week—well, if you knew the facts, Peavey, you wouldn't even think of taking a pint of blood from me . . ."

Sharply the receiver clicked back on the hook on the other end of the wire. Little Peavey probably is off me for life. I hope so.

A girl who makes love in the spring usually looks for a fall guy around October.

Men have been tried and found wanting—all wanting the same thing.

Let's Hang Together

Rubinoff and his violin—did he fiddle with intent to befuddle?

By LEONARD HALL

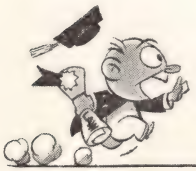
PROTECT our men! This is the clarion cry which rings upward from a thousand embattled courtrooms where members of our sex wilt and melt down their neckwear under the angry glares of a thousand little blonde doll-babies!

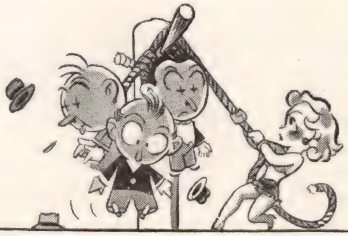
Surely the fathers of the race —actual, potential, or merely hopeful—are as much worthy of protection as wild duck, birds of paradise, and ladies with infants in their arms! Surely that watchful Providence which marks even the sparrow's fall can stretch its vision to cover the two-legged Lord of Creation plunging and screaming in the vise-like grip of a 90-pound female with synthetic pink hair!

If Providence begs off, then there ought to be a law!

True, a sizable handful of American commonwealths have already enacted statutes ruling "heart-balm suits" and like knavery as strictly off-side. Such a law is now being punted about by the courts of the State of New York, having been enacted by the legislature. Let the good work go on! Let the day come, and soon, when we shall no longer see helpless 200-pounders wearing size 19 collars being legally mauled by little wenches "whose strength is as the strength of ten because their hearts are pure."

Naturally, in such a crusade to Save our Men we are faced with many crippling difficulties. For instance, thousands of men will simper, drop their pretty eyes and say that personally they do not wish to be saved from little blonde baby-dolls, but on the contrary would like to know where in the hell they can get in touch with one or two. This, of course, only proves that such blokes are, like the great majority of us, just plain





stupid. How're ya, stupid!

Oh, it's all very well to catch your little blonde cutie and give her a couple of ogles and leers! An innocent game of footie under a saloon table, some vulgar and futile fumbling and groping on taxi rides, a tentative bid to drop up and look at the old Sheffield plate mother left you. And before you have a chance to get your lipstick linen to the laundry, you receive a curt note from the alert law firm of Mahoney, Lapidus and Weasel, informing you that you are about to be hailed before the bench on charges of seduction, breach of promise to marry, and fiddling with intent to befuddle.

It is as simple and as horrible as that. Cast your eyes around you, and you don't have to break any Olympic records for eye-casting, either. Hurl them, in fact, no farther than a recent celebrated case now mercifully concluded in the courts of the City of New York.

And so let me present Rubinoff—and his violin!

It is because the plight of Fiddling Dave is so recent, and is such a classic of its kind, that I take the liberty of relating and expounding its highlights as a warning (to be unheeded, of course) at this time. The spiritual agonies of this sensitive radio artist were so stupendous that it should teach us all to count slowly up to a million before we bestow a second wink on the honey-colored piperoo at the table next to ours.

Little blonde Peggy Garcia (nee Taylor, in the fine old town of Roanoke, Va.) snatched derbies in a Harlem night club and dreamed of higher things. One night Rubinoff—minus his violin—visited the pestilential hotspot for a dash of esthetic relaxation. As he handed his musical hat to pretty Peggy, their eyes met! Bingo! Far better that he had had a radio rehearsal with his boys, his costly Stradivarius, his Art!

For one thing led to another with startling rapidity.

Almost before little Peggy could remember which way was north she found herself transported first here and then there in Dave's large motor car, which is something like a land version of the Cruiser Pensacola. She and Dave sat in the rear and talked about music, while the chauffeur chauffed.

Then came visits to the Maestro's New York apartment, where he played "My Darling" to her on the fiddle (according to the ensuing testimony). Naturally, the simple little child from Virginia was both flattered and flustered by the attentions of the noted aerial virtuoso. And so things went along—and went along.

And then, without warning, she struck like an adder!

The horrified gut-scraper was notified, in due legal form, that Miss Peggy Garcia had plastered him with a suit for $100,000,

charging breach of promise to marry—both the breach and the promise having occurred in the sedate city of Philadelphia!

These terrible tidings had no sooner reached Dave than the whistle blew, the ball was called back, and the suit amended to read $500,000! This more respectable sum having been decided upon, the whole aromatic matter was thrown bodily into open court, to the unbounded joy of the reporters for the tabloids!

At this point let me say that Rubinoff—and his violin—are both well over 21. He is a bachelor who happens to like the company of little blonde girls. Is there anything wrong—morally, legally, or any other way—in this? Certainly not, and huge herds of hog-tied males would pronounce him a very lucky fellow indeed, possessing these tastes and the income with which to indulge them. Let me also note that applying such a legal headlock on a public performer like Rubinoff is far more than putting the bite on his checkbook. The effect of such sour publicity on his millions of radio listeners across the nation is most apt to be dismal in the extreme.

And so the now-celebrated case of Garcia vs. Rubinoff began exploding in open court. Fortunately for the Maestro, his defense was in most able hands. After a lot of testimonial shilly-shallying, most of which had no particular legal bearing on the case, it was soon established that it hadn't taken La Belle Garcia long to discover Dave's unmarried state. In fact, she had asked him point-blank whether or not he was hitched. Beyond asserting that the artist "was a very passionate man," the lovely plaintiff did not adduce much of interest nor assistance in the first day or two of the unholy spectacle.

Now it was the turn of the crafty defense. It dragged two legal husbands out of the Garcian yesterdays quicker than the late Thurston could have yanked them out of a plug hat! In a trice, whatever that is, the sad, silly show was over.

The learned Justice Cotillo, of the New York Supreme Court, quietly tossed little Peggy's suit out a window. It bounced twice, and then disappeared down a convenient manhole. The tabloid reporters donned their ragged fedoras and adjourned to a nearby tavern. The bedevilled Dave retired to his town house to nurse his wounded spirits. And the fair plaintiff?

In another of those trices she was clapped into the calaboose on a charge of bigamy, where her life was made miserable by the realistic taunts and jeers of

other ladies incarcerated for far less glamorous reasons. After a week or so she was turned loose on nominal bail, and tried vainly to appear for pay on the stage of a Brooklyn burlesque house. Let us quietly draw the veil over La Garcia. It is probable, according to Justice Cotillo, that certain legal quirks and quiddities will keep the bigamy charge from sticking.

Rubinoff had been pestered almost beyond his wits, and a serious assault had been launched upon his bulging bankroll—all for no legal reason that the Justice could see. The name of a nationally known figure had been dragged through a very smelly bog. Legally he was in the clear, but the imponderables of "bad publicity" still operated against him. David, the sympathy of your shuddering sex goes out to you.

The presiding justice noted no evidence of conspiracy. The unhappy and ill-advised case of Garcia vs. Rubinoff may be labelled, originally, just one of those things, and dropped quietly over the garden wall—and may the cat get it!

Well—that's a classic case, and points the peril of all of us with roving eyes. We stand in jeopardy whenever we hold hands with girls, no matter how innocent they look or how syrupy their tongues! We never know when a cunning little girl-child, all titters and treacle, is going to snap back and pop us smartly

on the horn! Ask Rubinoff.

It is in connection with such dismal didoes that one of the most damning indictments now pending against our sappy sex may be found. In it may be discovered, perhaps, the crux of the reason why, in nine struggles out of ten, we look the sillier of the two contesting parties in the everlasting comic battle of amour.

When Mae West, on stage or screen, burbles "Come up and see *me* some time!" thousands of men knock each other's brains out trying to get a foot on the bottom step. Even when the pretty dark girl down the corridor suggests in a ladylike way that we stop in some evening, preferably rainy, we don't ask whether or not she has any new phonograph records.

Yet in every breach of promise, alienation of affections, or seduction case known to legal history the tragic figure of the lady has been lured to her doom by the promise of a look at some silly bauble held out to her by the predatory male.

It may be the classic etchings, or some new batik, or a set of French postcards, or a pair of boxing gloves autographed by Jack Dempsey. Whatever the

lure, you can bet your next summer's Japanese panama that it's something.

I doubt that a court of law has ever heard a lady admit, in the face of the assembled company, that she visited a gentleman's apartment solely because she was completely knocked off her high heels by his superlative beauty and his high-voltage personality. Oh no—he had an autographed first edition of *Lady Chatterley's Lover.*

This is as nasty a knock as the male popinjay can get. It is also proof positive, alas, that a lot of women are most awful damned liars—in spades!

It is time for an aroused masculine nation to take further steps against suits of this sort. If a lot of luckless maidens are sorely put upon in this sad and witless world, so are a lot of dithering males. Why should we knock the wax right out of the moustachios of a dashing bachelor by depriving him of his radio, his crystal cocktail set, his passionate purple lounging robe and his penchant for pretty little blondes? Absurd, on the very face of it!

Let the females remember, if any do not know it already, that we are not evil—that we are just grown-up boys in long pants. In a word, dopes.

By hook, crook or legal statute, our men must be protected.

Let the little blonde cuties look after themselves—and see how the hell they like *THAT!*

A girl who plays with fire generally ends up with the neighbors raking her over the coals.

When a girl wants to hunt for a needle in a haystack, it's mighty annoying to be out with a guy who can't even find a haystack.

"So they didn't think I could bring it back" ERIC GODAL

"Madame, no matter what the doctor told your husband, asthenia is an affliction, not a flower" GERALD GREEN

"Speak to me, darling—is there someone else?"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

"Haven't you any masculine dishes—a hamburger with hair on its chest, so to speak?" RODLOW WILLARD

PRISON SHIP

By ROBERT CARSE

AUTHOR'S NOTE:

The principal character of this article I shall call Hans. He never told me his name. When I met him in a little side-street bar off the Balboa Road in Panama, he told me he had escaped three months before from the French government penal colony at Devil's Island in Guiana. Before being sent to Guiana, he had served for nearly four years in the French Foreign Legion in Morocco and Algeria and the Saharan Territories. He was Swedish-American by birth, had been brought up along the Great Lakes, worked in the Lakes ships, then in the deepwater ships. One night in Marseilles he missed his ship. The next day he met some Swedes and Germans on their way to join the Legion. He had no money, no hope of a ship, so he enlisted with the group.

After the night I talked with him in Panama, I never saw him again. He told me his story a little incoherently, as he was suffering from malaria, and in a mixture of Legion and prison French and Swedish-American English. All I have done to the account following, though, is to place it in its natural sequence. Some place, maybe, if he lives or isn't caught and sent back to the prisons again, he'll see it.

HER name was *La Martinière*. She was the regular French prison ship used to transport convicts to the penal colony in Guiana. Hans saw her first as he came aboard in Oran with sixty-six other men being sent out from Africa. Hans was pretty drunk, as some of his pals in the Legion had got a couple of bottles of brandy in to him in the military prison the night before. It was several hours before he got his first good look at the ship and the men who were his fellow convicts, and then the *Martinière* was well on her way to sea.

The place where they were to be kept for the long voyage was down in the lower holds of the ship. Thick steel bars divided the holds in four sections—with almost two hundred men in each. Most of them seemed like madmen, or demons out of a brandy dream.

All of them were dressed in the prison uniform, coarse gray jumpers and pants, dark, loose caps and heavy wooden shoes. They sat along the bulkheads of the ship between the side beams, or they stood in the middle of the deck and screamed and fought. A few of them were drunk, or doped, and they sang, or lopped loose-mounted. The

rest were in nearly constant motion. None of them seemed to be able to keep still for long. The idea of Guiana, of their fate, possessed them all.

Hans went over and took a place against the shipside between the beams. He was sober now, and very watchful. This was a joint, he thought, where you did right to have your back against something big and solid, and your hands always free.

The rest of the men left him alone for a while, then one young lad came over and sat down beside him. The other was dressed in a *bourgeron,* the thin canvas overall suit issued in the military prisons. His eyes were staring and wild and his lips twitched. He gave Hans a furtively quick sidewise look and said, "You're the guy who was a sergeant in the Legion, hey?"

Hans didn't say anything, didn't look at him. He flexed his hands on his knees, though, and spread his feet a little. "Listen." It was the wild-faced lad beside him again. "I'm Topia. Guillermo Topia. I was a sergeant in the Chasseurs Alpins. . . . I'm the guy they got for treason." He made a small, imploring gesture with one shoulder. "Let's stick together here. This is a pack of wolves. They'll—"

"Close your head," Hans told him. "I know." He did know; he'd heard about Topia in Africa. The kid was from Nice, of Italian-French blood. He had risen to be a sergeant in the Chasseurs Alpins, one of the crack regiments of the French Army, then he had tangled up with some tart in Mentone. He was stationed close to the Italian frontier, in a town called Sospel where the French had built great underground fortifications. Topia's tart had needed a lot of money, and showed him how to get it. The old story: plans of the fortifications, and a sketch of the new, high-calibre machine-gun the French were developing. The tart turned Topia in to the Army authorities; her brother was a *gendarme* in Mentone, and he got the credit for the arrest, she got the reward. The military court gave Topia twenty years in Guiana, and told him he was lucky he didn't see the firing squad.

Hans reached down inside his jumper and found two cigarettes. That a man was called a traitor didn't mean much, after what had happened to him in the Legion. He handed one of the cheap cigarettes to Topia and lit it for him. "Go easy," he said. "This joint isn't as tough as they make it."

Topia was blinking and trying to smile. "What did they slap you with?" he said.

"Seven years, and the other seven*" Hans said. "I was doing a tour up in the block-house in back of Meknes, in the Atlas.

**The doublage, or time equal to a man's sentence he must serve in the penal colony after he has finished his regular sentence.*

Another guy and I were in command of a post; us two sergeants and about thirty men. But the other sergeant was an old guy, a German who'd fought in the World War. He was a drunk, and he had funny ideas about how he kept his books. I told him none of that for me, and to cut out stealing the men's wine rations. One night I had to beat hell out of him. He ranked me; he was the senior guy. He got in some of his German pals from the next post, and they all went to work on me. I waited until I got him alone a week later. But he always carried a pistol, and he was looking for me. I broke his neck, the scurvy bastard. The Spahi patrol caught me before I could get fifteen kilometers from the damn place."

"Jesus!" Topia whispered. He was looking forth at the shadowy, evil-stinking cell block. The ship was pitching now as she got out into the open sea, and the other convicts had quieted a little. A number of men lay prone on their mattresses and there was a low, steady moaning. Hans felt his stomach muscles grow rigid and a tingling, electric sensation run along his spine. "Why don't the *flics* keep this straight?" he asked. He jerked one of his big hands towards the khaki-clad guards slouching along the corridors between the cell blocks.

"They're a bunch of lousy Corsicans," Topia said, so low Hans could hardly hear him. "They won't come in the cell blocks alone. If it gets real tough, they open up those jets there and burn hell out of us with live steam. Then they get the guys they want out in the corridors, and take them away. . . . This has been going on ever since we left La Pallice. The guards don't care; it's a laugh to them. And we've got twenty more days before we reach Guiana. . . ."

The last word broke and died in his throat. He sat drawn back against the chill steel of the side, his knees pulled in to his stomach, his face turned a grayish white. Hans saw the man coming towards them, got to his feet, resting easily and ready.

The man crossing the deck wore nothing but his prison trousers. His short-cropped hair grew down within two inches of his eyebrows and his eyes were like those of an animal. On the strip of skin between his eyebrows and his hairline were indelibly tattooed the words *Mort aux Vaches*—Death to the Cops. His vast, sloping shoulders were layered with folds of rippling

muscle, but his barrel torso and huge arms were shaven clean. They carried all sorts of tattooed designs: skulls and bleeding hearts, filthy imprecations and mottoes. On his chest, in full, startling detail, were marked the images of a man and woman in a position of strained copulation. As he moved his arms, the figures writhed and seemed to come alive.

He spoke in a soft, even murmur to Hans. "You want it?" he asked. "You think you're good enough for Topia?"

Hans was taking slow steps out from the shipside, so he would not be trapped when this man struck. He made no answer, saving his breath. He knew the man before him by reputation and description: he was Ginet, one of the few real Parisian *apaches* left alive, who had been sent to a school of correction at twelve, performed half a dozen major crimes before he was sixteen, sentenced to the African penal battalions, then Guiana, and escaped from Guiana twice. "So the pig won't squeal?" Ginet said.

He kicked with his calloused right heel at Hans's groin. Hans was ready for that, wheeled aside. But Ginet was very fast, had a tremendous reach. His whipping fingers, going in for the throat, missed and he tore Hans's jumper to the waist. He saw the little canvas packet tied under Hans's left armpit on a bit of string. That fell to the deck and he kicked it; the two medals Hans had won in the Legion went spinning loose. Ginet took a backward step, laughed as he trod and tore the ribbons, irreparably bent the medals. *"C' va, Legionnaire?"* he asked. "Come on!"

Hans lost his head a little bit then. He charged full at Ginet, striking with both hands. Ginet kicked him high up on the thigh with a crippling blow, hit him an elbow thrust in the mouth. When Hans sprawled to the deck, he tried to jump on him.

Hans got nearly to his knees and met him in a defensive sort of football tackle he had learned as a kid in the States. He tripped Ginet back, bounced the man's head off the deck. Ginet rolled and rose all in one motion, but he was a bit groggy now, and did not attempt to kick any more.

Hans went after him scientifically, with planned punches, working to cut him down. Ginet was clumsy at that kind of fighting. He stood wide-legged and took it, struck back with long hay-makers. Hans was the younger man by twenty years, and had yet to serve in the fever swamps of Guiana. He fought for what some of the others later told him was more than fifteen minutes before Ginet went down again. Even then he wasn't sure of the man and bent to kick him in the belly—to finish him for good.

Ginet swung up and caught

him by the throat, hauled him down to the deck. They wrestled there until they were both on the point of coma. Then Ginet rolled his bloodied, chopped face over and winked at him. "You're a good enough guy," he whispered. "But these other slobs will take care of both of us unless we get up."

Hans stared up and saw that what Ginet said was true. Almost all the men in the cell block ringed about them, but four or five stood closer than the others. They were the *costauds,* the real tough guys whom up till now only Ginet had been able to master. They were smiling slightly, and their lips were drawn back from their teeth. Their eyes had a weird, dark lucence which was quite insane and their breathing was hoarse and rapid, like that of hunting dogs over freshly killed game.

He and Ginet got up together, supporting each other. Ginet kicked the nearest man above the knee cap. *"Fous toi!"* Ginet said. "Pick up the guy's medals and give them to him. Quick, eh?"

They went over then, Ginet and Hans, to where Ginet kept his mattress in a corner. Ginet opened up the bottom of the mattress and took out a bottle of very good Martinique rum. "You first, sport," he told Hans. "You're taking your first ride."

A group gathered about them as they sat there, and Ginet introduced the various men to Hans. There was a little, bowed, and entirely bald man whom Ginet called the Doctor. The Doctor had a red and green line tattooed about his throat, and under it the legend for the guillotineer, "Cut here." After a long pull on the rum he told Hans that he was serving a life sentence for having killed his wife's lover. He had brought home, he said, a tasty morsel, and served it for his wife at dinner as a beef heart. But it wasn't beef, that bit; it was her lover's heart. The Doctor cackled as he told that, and smacked his lips. "That was twenty-five years ago," he said. "I've escaped three times and they've caught me, but they haven't sent me to the guillotine yet. . . . Here's a guy you should know."

The man who sat next to the Doctor was thin and tuberculous, with a hacking cough that interrupted his words constantly. It took him several sentences to tell Hans that he had once also served in the Legion. He held out his right hand to prove it, then lifted his hand in the flaring, open-palmed French salute. Across the palm was broadly

tattooed the word *Merde*. "The officers didn't like that much," he said. "So they shipped me on my way."

"I can see that," Hans muttered and turned his glance to the man who hunkered beside Ginet. That one was very young, no more than eighteen, and his spotless prison uniform covered his rounded body to show every curve. He spoke without much of a lisp and brushing his waving blond hair aside from his sloping forehead. "Cavrignac is the name," he said. "Marcel-Julian. The Vicomte. . . . You know. You must have heard of me, and read the papers." He was silent for a moment, threw his head back and closed his eyes. Then, beautifully, in a high, faultless soprano, he began to sing an *aria* from Aïda.

Ginet grunted and shook his head as Hans looked at him. "It ain't the guy's fault," he said from the side of his mouth. "His mother was a drunk and no good. She got him up to shooting his old man, the Count. The Count was holding out on her liquor money. The Assizes gave her life for that, but they handed the kid twenty years in Guiana, no matter what the doctors said. I just keep him around because I like to hear him sing, and I can't see any of these other wolves leaping him. He won't last long in Guiana; the fever will take him off. . . . But you stick along with us here, soldier. We got the best, and plenty food and liquor. If you want, when we're in Guiana, I'll show you how to spring yourself out of the place. That's no hard job, if you're strong enough to take it and got a few francs."

Hans scrubbed the dried blood from his aching face. *"Bon,"* he said. "Right." He stared squarely at Ginet. "But how about that other guy, Topia?"

"Take a look around," Ginet said without expression. "The bastard is unfaithful to me already."

A WASTREL REJOICES

By LORING DOWST

MY GRANDFATHER had an axiom which he 'lowed was the pinnacle of economic wisdom: Never spend money you haven't got. I devoted the best part of the year 1929 trying to live up to that motto. God, how that year did drag—until I found a way.

The funny part of it was that the money I was trying not to spend—because it wasn't yet mine—was left by the very guy who had tried so hard to pound that old chestnut through my thick skull. Grampy. And if you've ever started a year of waiting for a will to be probated, while you were poorer than Tom Twitch's dog, you know how I felt.

There were so damned many things I wanted to do, and to buy. It was pretty hard to keep my mind on the business at hand, which was running a summer camp for girls, with my mother, brother and sister, up in Maine. Along about here is where some of you guys will likely leer evilly and say, "O-ho, you old lecher, what were you squawking about? That sounds like a swell way to hang around waiting for an inheritance!" But, alas, you would be mistaken, because that camp was a family business and there is one proverb by which my brother and I felt constrained to abide rigidly. The back-stage doorman at a theatre said it whenever he was moved to guide the destinies of the young men in the cast: "Never get your meat where you get your bread and butter!"

Many were the moments I lingered longingly in automobile show-rooms, itching for the time when I would muckle on to the wheel of something snappy like a Chrysler convertible coupe. Shotguns, golf clubs, a Rolls Razor; Lotus shoes, smart clothes, a pair of big heavy Hudson Bay blankets. Gadzooks! Almost everything nice I saw I decided I'd have—when the will was probated!

My brother, older, was conservative. He thought he'd get himself a Chevrolet, some clothes, perhaps, and salt the rest away for a rainy day. That's when I began to hear that *rainy day* craperoo. Even before we knew we were to receive about thirty thousand dollars apiece, I got that stuff. You know, a fool and his money—and so forth. My kid sister took it up, too.

My secret passion was aviation. For some time I had been qualified for appointment to the Army Cadet Corps, at Brooks or March Field. But every four months I'd receive one of those multigraphed forms stating that there was still a long

waiting list and blah, blah, blah, maybe my appointment would be approved in time for the next class, etcetera. Now it was different. I'd go to the best civilian flying school in the country, learn to fly, and then—and why the hell not?—buy myself an airplane!

Well, after a couple of months of heckling with the trustees, they agreed to stretch the law a pernt and advance each of us a fifty-dollar-a-month allowance. That was the beginning. The man who really showed me the light was Milt Hamon, manager of Curtiss-Wright Flying Service at Bridgeport, Connecticut.

Milt was glad to see me, especially when I told him I was in the market for a flying course. I quizzed him particularly regarding the transport pilot's course, which could be had for the trivial sum of $4500—if I lived long enough to complete two hundred hours of flying. I told Milt about my legacy, that I wouldn't be able to dig into it for several months, but that I would love to start flying right away. How could it be arranged?

Hamon is not given to making hasty statements, but finally he said, "Simple. Most of these courses are financed as automobiles are. You beat it up to Maine, get a letter from your trustees saying the estate due you is sufficient to cover the flying course you elect. Bring it to me. I'll write to the finance people explaining the situation. and after they've communicated with your trustees, you can sprout your wings."

Good old Grampy. And here I was accepting excellent advice on how to spend money I didn't have. None-the-less I said, "Sure." The ball was rolling. I had let my guard down. As to just how vulnerable I was, you will ere long be informed.

The trustees were loathe to let me get any of that dough—then or ever, it seemed. But finally they authorized me to sign a note for the limited commercial course—$1500. They said a man ought to be able to learn to fly to hell and back for that kind of money. I guess they hoped I would—one-way.

When I left, my sister said, "Are you sure you aren't making a mistake?" And my brother said, "Well, kid, I was never one to say I told you so, but I feel that the day is coming when you will come to me and ask to borrow a few frog-skins. And I will probably be dope enough to lend you some." They both grinned. Mother looked as if she thought I was off to the wars, but she was swell.

The instructor assigned to me was an old army man. He'd flown in France and instructed kiwis over here, so there was precious little he didn't know about flying. His name is M. Grevemberg. The "M" in Grevy's name stands for Marion. That's *his* secret.

Soon I began to realize that

flying wasn't quite the pipe it seemed at first, and I started pulling boners.

Grevy had a way of making me feel like a maggot crawling in a dung heap. One evening we flew later than usual. It was almost dark. I had already overshot the field half a dozen times. Finally Grevy yanked the throttle shut and hollered: "Listen, you god-damned moron, I'm set to sit here all night if you are. Why the hell don't you go to bed nights—and quit thumbing your bustle!"

I suppose I needed that, for the very next time around I set her down as neat as a buzzard landing on a dead cow. Grevy said I stank just the same.

The day I soloed was the day I graduated from insect to human being in Grevy's estimation. It did things to me, too.

That was in December—on my kid sister's birthday, to be exact. I went up to Maine for Christmas and was promptly made honorary president of the Winthrop Aero Club, which behooved me to bestow ten dollars on the organization. They met in Sliver Frost's garage and each and every member unfailingly called it *aireo* club. After the third gallon of hard cider, they indulged in ground flying that would have made a meeting of the Quiet Birdmen look like an old maid's tatting circle; but it was grand sport.

Early in January I heard that Curtiss-Wright and the town of Bridgeport were at loggerheads; Curtiss might pull out. So I transferred my student rating to Curtiss-Wright's A-rated school in Miami, Florida. How different it was, flying down there under the lazy sun, over the quiet bay and the blue, blue sea. Those were mellow days. Everything was pleasant to me: the smell of high-test gasoline, the keen odor of acetates in the doping rooms, and the constant drone of powerful motors either roaring on the test blocks or singing high in the limitless sky.

Almost before I knew it, I received a letter from my dear old trustees saying that my "estate" was soon to be settled. Needless to say, the urge to splurge was reborn in me. That was several weeks after I had taken a room with a family I had known for some time.

Their name was Bate. I had spent four years in military school with the youngest son, Cecil, whose nickname in the barracks was Master. (Nobody ever proved it.) His next oldest brother was Arthur, and it was through these lads, quite casually, that I was offered the sec-

ond opportunity to extend my long, size-fourteen neck.

One night we were perusing Cecil's scrap-book and came upon odds and ends of hurricane scenes, through which were scattered intermittently, pictures of a large heavy-duty dredge, and a trim diesel yacht. My queries brought no enlightenment, until at last Cecil said, "Art, we might as well tell Dusty about the treasure." That was all I needed.

We broke open a bottle of Dewar's, and far into the night the story lasted. They told me about old man Brown. They told me about how, orphaned, he lived his boyhood days with his old grandfather on a little farm in northwest Florida, on a bayou off the Gulf of Mexico. They told about the schooner registered out of Vera Cruz that one day dropped anchor in sight of the farmhouse. Two sailors came ashore in a dinghy and asked for fresh water—the skipper was ill. Grandfather Brown gave them water. In a few days the dinghy beached again, and a seaman messenger related that his captain was "wanna seeck hombre." Could he come ashore and have the American doctor? "Sure," said Grandfather Brown. And for six weeks the aged and swarthy ship's master lay at death's door in the old farmhouse.

You've guessed it—you couldn't miss. The skipper died. But before he did, he gave Brown, the eldest, a bamboo segment, and in it was rolled a composite treasure map listing five caches of pirate gold. Grandpappy Brown left the thing to the kid without a single attempt to increase his grip on the root of all evil.

I asked the Bate boys why they didn't get the treasure they went after—one that was alleged to be worth $72,000,000—and they gave me a logical reason. "All right," I said, "in a couple of weeks I'll have thirty thousand fish. Let's go and get that gelt." The previous expedition had been composed largely of successful business men of Miami, who had formed a corporation called Treasure Land, Inc., capitalized at $40,000. The equipment they hired cost them hundreds of dollars per day, and if Brown the younger—then past sixty—hadn't been seized by a serious nervous breakdown, they would have lifted the booty—if any. But without the old man, they were helpless. Four weeks of hunting had been in vain.

Well, we contacted Brown. He was willing to make a trial trip to convince me that the stuff was still there. I was to be allowed to feel, with a twelve foot pole, the outlines of one or more chests, laid down in ten feet of permanently opaque water. After that we'd talk business.

My legacy came through, mostly bank stocks and a few bonds. I sold some of the latter without a qualm. Wasn't money supposed to make money? Abso-

LAWRENCE LABIAB

lutely—and what a chance to demonstrate! I bought that Chrysler Convertible Coupe. I obtained a leave of absence from Curtiss-Wright. I couldn't make up my mind whether to go home (after finding the gold) in a Sikorsky S-39, a private train with an armed guard, or a floating cathouse.

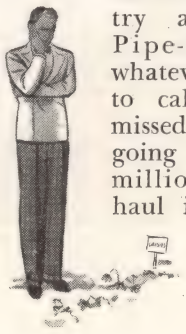
I guaranteed old man Brown his expenses up the coast and back—nothing more—and we started. On a black night, with two lanterns on the shore and a panel of misty stars overhead, Brown made his mysterious calculations. After an hour and forty-five minutes, he said, "Here." I dropped the oars, took the pole he offered, and poked into the ebon waters. I give you my word that I distinctly felt the outlines of a rectangular form that was solid, unyielding. In thirty minutes we found another. There were supposed to be five, arranged in the shape of a cross. When we reached the shore I was limp as boiled spinach.

I could see no reason why any object other than that represented should be in a bayou in that part of Florida; I was ready to shoot the works. But, try as the Bates and I did, we could not gain the complete co-operation of old man Brown. He had been gypped on two treasures before. This time, he wanted official permission from Washington before he would set forth with a full-rigged expedition. He showed us correspondence he had had with a senator who was allegedly securing this authority. It would be a month or two, Brown was told, maybe longer, before arrangements were concluded. The old boy was adamant.

It was nearing time for my return to camp. I had to finish my flying course. We asked Brown if he cared if we took a crack at it alone. He told us he didn't.

I bought a diving helmet and other miscellaneous equipment, and out of Apalachicola I chartered an old guide boat with an Ingersoll Rand air compressor mounted in the large after cockpit. Our plan was to find just one chest; go down and cut into it with a compressed air drill—and go to town. Maybe the idea was impractical. We never found out, because we poked at the bottom of what we thought was the appropriate bayou for more than two weeks, striking nothing but mud.

Last week my cousin and a well-to-do associate of his returned from a try at Brown's Pipe-Dream, or whatever you want to call it. They missed, but they're going back. Some millionaire will haul it out—them



as has, gits, as one sage put it.

Old Man Brown died four months ago. If the whole thing was a holdover from some childish fancy of his, he carried the secret to his grave. I have never been able to ascertain in what way he could have gained anything if it was all a hoax, and for that one reason, I intend to know some day what I poked on that fascinating night.

My next "investment" was a far cry from pirate gold. I determined to become the daisy king. You can probably think of a better word than king. But these daisies were different. It came about this way: Arthur's mother was a flower fancier. She had imported, from Africa via England, some Gerbera daisy seeds, had raised the plants with singular success.

When Arthur learned that African daisies were retailing in New York for three dollars per dozen, cut, he did some figuring. Mrs. Bate kept detailed records of the progress of all her plants —especially the foreign species. So Arthur deduced the following: One healthy plant blossomed on an average of twice a week; each plant could be divided in two every six months. Hmmmm. We'd really have something if we had about forty-five hundred plants. That would be roughly nine thousand blossoms per week, seven hundred and fifty dozen, which at as low as one dollar a dozen wholesale, would be no mean figguh!

Now there was a proposition to make a young man who wanted to do something with his money sit up and take notice. Maybe I did foozle on the treasure. Maybe I did spend too much taking parties sail-fishing in the Gulf Stream, playing the ponies at Hialeah, the dog races at the Beach, the jai-lai games at Biscayne Fronton. I would now make some good legitimate cash —from the soil—and no horse laugh would be forthcoming from my critical brother and sister. Save for a rainy day? Nuts, let it rain!

We found a man who would sell us forty-five hundred yearling Gerbera plants. I bought some land north of Miami, drilled an artesian well, installed a sprinkler system, built a windbreak and dug irrigation ditches. We couldn't miss. We were protected from flood, sun, and wind.

It was nearly June and I had promised to go back to camp one more summer. I passed the examinations for my L. C. license, deposited a thousand dollars to Arthur's account for working the daisy farm and went home to Maine, a daisy king in the making. By the time I returned to Miami the following December my partner and I should be grossing about seven hundred bucks a week.

Toward the middle of the summer things took on a slightly blue complexion. Some railway and street traction securities we owned became worthless. Other

stuff we had fell off. But the bank stock, of which our inheritance was largely composed, stayed up. Nothing could phase me—I purchased an airplane. Why not? My daisies would soon be able to support a hangar full of ships. I was the local Lindbergh. I flew all over God's heb'n.

I remained undaunted even when Arthur wired me that our Miami bank had folded, burning me for almost the entire deposit. I sent him some more money, and just to remain consistently blasé, I bought a bigger and better car.

On December 10th I took unto myself a wife, started honeymooning south in leisurely stages. When we reached Miami the first person we went to see was, of course, Arthur.

"Arthur, my boy," I said, after introducing Mrs. Dowst, "how do the daisies grow?"

"On the night of December 10th," he said sadly, "frost struck that particular area for the first time in nineteen years. Every plant is deader than last year's smile!" (Frost had been the furthest thing from my mind *that night!*)

I was afraid I'd find a job if I went back north. My wife and I stayed in Florida the rest of the winter, and we didn't stint. By the time we returned to camp, I was nearly broke. But I refused to be worried. We expected a good camp season, and I was part owner. However, a wife and an airplane, too, were more than I could afford. I got rid of the airplane—first.

My conservative brother and sister acquired the good old I-told-you-so attitude, although they didn't say it right out. I could tell, without consulting any mind-readers, that they thought I was a damn fool, and it was only their brotherly and sisterly love that prompted them not to say so. I'm funny that way—clairvoyant, I guess.

However, he who laughs last, etc. The bank holiday came along, and eventually the Federal authorities checked on the bank whose stock we had inherited. My brother and sister still had theirs—but not I. Like a bolt out of the blue, the institution collapsed!

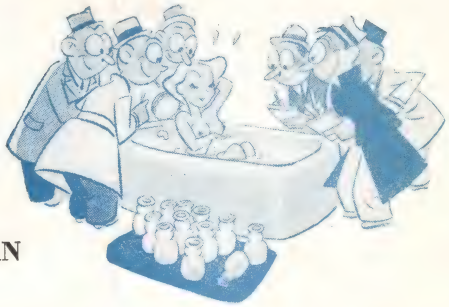
I had had a pretty swell time. I had some rare memories and a pilot's license. My brother and sister had a headache—the bank stock was *double liability!* They owned plenty and had played it safe. At least, I wasn't in debt.

A few years later I was at the old Howdy Club—you know, one of New York's spots where the entertainers are yoo-hoo boys. Francy Dunn sang a song about a fugitive from a daisy chain. I smiled, and perhaps I blushed a little. Not much, though, because even if the rainy days *are* here, they don't seem so very dark. And besides, daisies won't tell.

But *I* have—for a consideration!

BALLYHOOLIGANS

Press agents' brainchildren debunked as illegitimate—



By CHARLES WASHBURN

THERE are 50,000 practising, high grade con men running loose in America—and they don't go to jail for it. They stunt-up the nation, doping the press, the public, and themselves. It's a stupid day, indeed, when none of their conniveries crash the columns.

These obscure Bavarians entertain the populace for fees as little as a free meal up to as high as $1,000 per day. Regardless of the earned income all have something in common—taking bows. They know the weaknesses of the boss and no matter through what medium their output lands in type they see to it that they get all the credit. It's been going on since the year 1220 when the Greek knights employed paid retainers to shout their glories, but only in recent years has the art taken on unlimited proportions.

The more skilled in the Art of Ballyhoo call themselves Press Agents, depending entirely upon their own resourcefulness in preference to a fancy name to lure the clients. The less adept, and the more sombre practitioners, mask behind such scrims as Public Relations Counsel or Mass Mind Molder, acting on the sane theory that a sumptuous sanctum and highfalutin hypnotism confuse the wayfarer.

Hats, gowns, soaps, soups, railroads, politicians, radio, screen, stage, and in fact anything or anybody with the price to pay hires one of these glistening mesmerizers. It's a stunt and don't forget it. And what the boys won't think up! Even if caught at it, the chances are that they'd promise the sheriff who was taking them to jail a break in the paper and so convince him he needed some publicity. Result: a good time was had by all. The Life of Riley!

Perfect timing with the news, accidental wonders hitting the headlines and such misrepresented press-agentry as the celebrated Anna Held milk bath go to make up a thriving industry that, in a harmless way, gets glowing rewards for services

often unrendered. To be sure, many good stunts are actually cooked and seasoned by the master craftsmen, yet many come off without the aid of mirrors.

There is, for example, the case of a theatrical press agent who was on the carpet for not landing any newspaper space for his manager's productions. A month later the manager went into receivership. Flaunting a paper, the press man dashed into his boss's office, shouting: "Who says I don't get you into the paper? Here you are right on the front page."

A whole lot the agent had to do with it.

A dozen or more Hollywood publicists have been taking the credit for the Jean Harlow platinum-blonde buildup. What really happened? Simply this: An unknown exploiter for the hairdressers not only dug up the phrase platinum-blonde, but also caused the news to reach printers' ink.

Six years ago Miss Harlow breezed into New York, unknown and unheralded, as the star of "Hell's Angels," a motion picture. Miss Eileen Creelman of the New York *Sun* took one look at the Harlow locks, saying they were on the level, that they couldn't be dyed because no dye would assure her blonde shade. A press agent for the picture, riding into town the next day, saw an item in the paper about the hairdressers' convention. Thinking of the Harlow hair and fishing for what is known as a tieup in movie circles, he telephoned the hairdressers' publicist. "Probably faked," said the hair chap. "What color? O, that's platinum-blonde! Sure, I know. Well, here's what we'll do, we'll offer $5,000 to the chemist making a dye that will guarantee the Harlow color. Platinum-blonde, great!"

The next day platinum-blonde was in the paper; a new phrase was headed toward popularity. And that's how it started.

I doubt if any chemist ever received the $5,000 and I doubt if the man who put the wheels into motion received more than a passing thank-you from the coiffure crowd. But Hollywood press agents patted themselves on the back for their mythical heavy-thinking.

But what about the Anna Held milk bath? It happened, didn't it? The late Florenz Ziegfeld was given the credit for it, wasn't he? What do you mean, no press agent?

Miss Held bathed in milk because she really believed it would enhance her beauty. It was an age of Lillian Russells and charm treatments and, while there is no proof of it, there is the possibility that the milk dealers encouraged the idea.

Now one must remember that Miss Held was in the show business—hazardous, and often minus the pay check. So, for reasons well known to those of the theatre of the period, the milk

"You can't tell your wife you're week-ending with your brother—they've both gone to Florida" RODLOW WILLARD

bill went unpaid. That brought the sheriff, the sheriff brought the reporters, and the reporters brought the cameramen. Heigh ho, the merry-o, the press agent grabs the praise.

The timing was perfect—accidental, to be sure, and unpremeditated. Here was a new method for removing wrinkles, watered by the sheriff, milked dry by the scribes, and exhilarating copy, don't mistake that. But don't get Ziegfeld too far wrong. He was a great showman and he saw a follow-up story good for several days. He spiked the yarn with one sure-fire hypodermic by permitting the Fourth Estate actually to see Miss Held in a tub of milk. The sly Ziegfeld well knew that the lacteal fluid when draped around the body equals the cloaking value of red underwear. How those reporters laughed at this good fun as Flo set up another round!

An unpaid milk bill started the story rolling, yet to this day Ziegfeld is held responsible for inventing the stunt.

Even as this is being written, the bath Nucleus for space-grabbing is having its effect. Gabriele d'Annunzio, probably without a paid retainer, is talking of a Death Bath. That's sumpin'. Writing to a friend, he said: "Disdaining to die between bed sheets, I am testing my last invention." Already the press is saying this means a chemical bath into which the poet expects to plunge, the way Empedocles threw himself into the crater of Mount Etna and unhappy Japanese lovers jump into the crater of Fuji. It's good stuff and there will likely be Italian publicists quarreling over the honor of getting d'Annunzio into the news. No matter, it is in harmony with the florid d'Annunzio style. As news, it can't miss.

Yes, the bath is always good for a dull day in newspaper shops. Nero had a milk-bathing wife and Earl Carroll jammed himself over a girl in a tub of something other than water.

However, as to the big stories that were "naturals." The best of the "press agent" stunts of two years ago was having George M. Cohan play in the Theatre Guild's production of Eugene O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness!" in the Town Hall at North Brookfield, Mass. The town has a population of 1300 and the seats were free. It was a sentimental journey and the first time a major show had ever exhibited there. As for Cohan, he had lived there as a boy with his grandmother and under an old elm tree had written his first song hit, "Venus, My Shining Star." The New York *Herald Tribune*

carried the story on page one and first-string journals across the country went for columns.

Back of it all there smacked the handiwork of a master press agent. And one (your correspondent, no less) took bows for planning it. He really had nothing to do with it.

It happened this way: Cohan was playing in Boston and one night after a fish supper he inquired as to what cities would get the show after Boston. "A week of one-nighters," he was told. "Worcester on Monday night."

"The house is too big," snapped Cohan. "I won't play it."

"There's no other pleace to go," insisted a Theatre Guild representative.

"We'll go to North Brookfield," said the actor. "I know it's a tiny town with no stage big enough for the scenery, but we'll play the show minus the scenery and we'll give away all the seats. Good night."

Nobody thought of the news concerning playing North Brookfield.

If it hadn't been for a reporter on the Boston Post, Lester Allen, and another reporter on the same paper, Elliot Norton (now drama critic) the chances are the story would have died and the date would have been just another one-night-stand.

Allen, while in the Shubert office in Boston, casually inquired where the Cohan show was going when it left town.

"North Brookfield on Monday and then New Haven and Springfield," somebody said. "You know, a week of hit-and-runs."

Allen, wise reporter, said nothing. When he discovered the sentimental side of the tale he spilled it for page one in the Boston Post. After that, as photographers rushed to North Brookfield, getting pictures of Mert Howard, the banker, giving out the tickets and putting up Welcome Home banners, there was no stopping the presses.

Press agent, bah! Cohan just didn't want to play Worcester.

A soap press agent comes through with Life Buoy Meets Girl and the chap representing the show gets a pat for the idea.

A girl slides across Broadway on a wire from the Hotel Edison to the Palace Theatre roof with no extraordinary excitement. But she was arrested and that made news. Thanks to the police, the press agents were the head men.

Anything for a break in the papers, but there is a law forbidding embarrassment to the police. A girl was once supposed to have drowned in a park lagoon—pure fake to build up the girl. Now they have a law. Cops have no time to drag lakes for mythical bodies.

The late Will Page invented the strip golf game, which was played on the links of the Sound

View Golf Club at Great Neck, Long Island—a stunt which caused several members to hold their heads in shame. The players were Miss Shirley Vernon of the Ziegfeld "Follies" and Miss Nellie Savage, an actress. It all started with a dressing room argument. "I'm crazy about golf," said Miss Vernon. "Golf!" stomped Miss Savage. "I don't believe you play eighteen holes in eighteen years." The girls were separated and a challenge was in order. Then shouted Miss Savage: "You're all right on the stage where you don't have to wear clothing, but with your clothes on you could never swing a club."

A news story was born. Strip golf—same rules as strip poker. Something to be stripped off each time a player lost a hole. The reporters were summoned, the game got under way. Miss Vernon missed the last hole; Miss Savage landed in it. What was Miss Vernon to do? If she took off her bloomers she would have on practically nothing from the waist down. If she removed her chemise, she would have absolutely nothing from the waist up.

The gallery waited anxiously for her decision—a tense moment because considerable stripping had kept the contestants in excellent form as the match progressed.

Somebody suggested getting a barrel to which there were violent protests. Why not? However, there were tender-hearted souls who saw to it that a barrel was provided. Two men gave up their belts for straps, holes were made in the rim, the straps fastened and the barrel was lifted over Miss Vernon's shoulders. She ran for the clubhouse as fast as the covering would let her. A $45 chorus girl soon became a $500 actress—thanks to the power of the press agents.

There was the boat race of the "Follies" maidens, which, although planned with fool-proof precision and executed in masterly fashion, nearly cost one life and jeopardized several others. The girls were taken to Central Park in New York—well heralded. Permission was given from the city authorities; all was ready for the gun. Park Commissioner Francis H. Gallatan (this was in 1926) was invited to preside as umpire—and accepted.

It was legitimate news: girls, girls, girls! There was only one catch in the plan. The majority of Ziegfeld girls knew more about riding on steam yachts than they did about propelling scow-like craft. Nevertheless, they braced their tiny feet firmly and tugged at the heavy oars like Trojans.

Dozens of men followed in row-boats, introducing for the first time a new breed known as Water Johns, a blood relation to the almost forgotten Stage Door John.

Here and there came a gasp of weariness from a participant;

now and then a tired contestant would relax her grasp and close her eyes from sheer fatigue. A loud Hurrah went up for Miss Blanche Mehaffey as she dashed across the line—the winnah!

Pearl Eaton, sister of the famous Mary, nearly drowned in an upset and several persons were shoved from the shore into the water. Nice time for everybody; pictures in the paper. Strictly a press agent doing his stuff—and getting away with it.

The Will Page who created the strip golf game and the boat race did what many stunt men do—but he did it once too often. He went too far, completely overboard. He telegraphed, or was accused of telegraphing, a prominent publisher's name to a message ordering a Chicago newspaper to "go the limit for the Follies." Walter Howey, prominent in the Hearst organization and then a managing editor in Chicago, suspected "foul play." Well, they still talk about the beating he gave Page in the lobby of the Hotel Sherman. All of which is mentioned as a warning.

The public be bunked may still be good, but stunt-men stunting is no longer the real treatment. Gals draped around electric signs, muggs climbing up the sides of buildings, and even flagpole sitters aren't worth a quarter. Unless a stunt has a newspaper angle it isn't worth the headaches involved.

That's why the lace-curtain brotherhood thought up such stunts as getting Thomas Edison and Henry Ford together for an electric light anniversary. The John D. Rockefeller good-will buildup started by the late Ivy Lee and all the airplane plugging by Harry Bruno are matters that bring in the fancy fees.

It's a damn good racket. And how they get away with it! I remember a certain picture company calling in one of the silk-hatted Public Relations Counsels to augment its own press department in exploiting an important motion picture. "Show me your scrap books and all that has already been done on the picture," he said. After seeing that a good campaign was well in hand, he added: "Nothing more that I can do." And out he went. The next day he sent a bill for $1,000 "for services rendered." The movie company settled for $500. Cute kid, eh?

Instead of the three shells, the bird cage, and the old-time jingle boards of the carnival lots, the 1937 formula is right-answer gab, "we'll put you over" (the hurdles) or "making the nation conscious" of whatever the enterprise or person or merchandise happens to be. Magic!

Years ago Mrs. Patrick Campbell complained about the noise of flat-wheel trolley cars passing in front of the Republic Theatre in West Forty-second Street, New York. To deaden the noise, and for no other reason, tanbark was spread all over the street—

anything to please a star. Immediately the papers printed stories about the tanbark, hinting of press-agentry and giving the late Toxen Worm credit for thinking up a novel stunt. The story still goes down in history as one of the master strokes of publicity invention. It rates in the same category as the Anna Held milk bath. Mr. Worm became one of the highest paid of the publicists directly afterward.

Thus one sees that the Press Agent gets all of the joys and credit of a gay existence. Today he has the fun of being in Big Business (attending the conferences for laughs, but supposedly to offer brilliant save-the-day strokes), he meets the strangest and the wisest people, he has all the thrills of snaring a stray dollar, and the results of his and other trick brains are stranger than anything on earth. He entertains constantly, driving in where even fools fear to tread, and the law keeps hands off, which is, perhaps, exactly as it should be.

I have often felt that press agents should call themselves Piccolo Players from a standard story. You know how it goes: A chap in the gallery called the piccolo player a so-and-so and the orchestra leader shouted back: "Who says the so-and-so is a piccolo player?"

But press agents are too busy taking bows and thinking up dizzy stunts to think up a coy title for their own calling.

"Caviar! Caviar!"

DIDOES OF A DIPSO

FOR THE past twenty years I have been called a dipsomaniac, an alcoholic, or just a plain drunk—depending on the company and mistress I was keeping at the time. It seems that it makes a great deal of difference what your financial condition is when you start hitting the bottle.

If your bank account runs to yachts and a blonde in a penthouse and you make an avocation of alcoholic antics, then you are just a Big Playboy on a Tear. On the other hand, if a row-boat in the Central Park duck pond and a two-bit blonde are all you can afford, then you are just another Bowery Bum.

But in both cases the heebie-jeebies on the morning after are the same.

And the strange thing about it is that the medical profession, as a whole, has no idea about what causes chronic alcoholism. The average doctor may have treated a thousand drunks, he may be one himself, but he still doesn't know what to do about it.

At one time or another I have shaken with the jitters in a score of private sanitariums and public alcoholic wards. I have been in exclusive Hang-Over Retreats where the daily charge is enough to buy rhinestone G-strings for the entire Minsky chorus. And I have been in Bellevue's alcoholic ward, compared to which Gorky's Lower Depths are higher than Mr. John D. Rockefeller's saloon in the Rainbow Room of Radio City.

In every case, however, the results were the same. Your system, one way or another, was cleared of alcohol, you were patted on the back and sent out into the world with the injunction to taste not and want not. All of which proved as practical as shoving a nymphomaniac into the United States Navy and telling her to be a good girl.

Gradually a few doctors are waking up to the fact that it is a nervous rather than a physical craving that leads to the bottle. What causes this nervous yen,

By HILTON SMYTH

however, is another matter. Naturally it varies with the individual, just as the paraphernalia and practice of love vary.

An ex-ambassador with whom I once collaborated on a play used to blame his periodic cravings on domestic conditions. As a result he changed wives with his professions. When he was a lawyer he had one, as a writer he had another, later as an ambassador and then a newspaper commentator he had two new helpmates.

He remained faithful to the bottle. His name was Richard Washburn Childs.

It was this man, who is now probably swigging distilled nectar in Heaven, who introduced me to Towne's Sanitarium. Towne's is to the average sanitarium what the Waldorf-Astoria is to the Mills Hotel. It's the Peggy Hopkins Joyce of the racket. Expensive.

One morning while we were discussing a second-act curtain Ex-ambassador Childs eyed my twitching torso thoughtfully. Finally he said, "You're in pretty bad shape this morning."

"I wouldn't be surprised," I admitted, and wished to hell that I had a drink.

"What is probably wrong," he went on, "is your domestic life. Of course it's none of my business, but I understand you aren't very happy with your wife. Well, I've been in the same boat. What you need most of all is your health back, and then your freedom."

I said, "Yeah." I thought vaguely that it would be pretty swell to have my health and freedom back. I was married at the time to a school-teacher-ish type, and it had been gradually dawning on me that I was too old to go to school any more.

The ex-ambassador said, "I've always found there's no sense in postponing things when you've made up your mind." He picked up the telephone, called Towne's, and made a reservation for me. "This is a very nice place," he explained. "I've sent several friends there, including an ex-President and a Secretary of State. I was there myself, once."

Later I learned that he had been there half a dozen times. He had even spent what literally amounted to a honeymoon in the place, which after all is a very efficient idea. Blondes, bottles, and boudoirs rolled in one.

"We'll go up there now," he announced.

"But my wife . . ."

Childs dismissed my wife with a wave of the hand. "I'll tell her I sent you to Washington on business." He stood up, looking very ambassadorish. "She won't doubt *my* word!"

Diplomats are very fast workers.

Well, an hour later I found myself in Towne's Sanitarium, in a room overlooking Central Park. I was in pyjamas, there

was a drink of whisky by my side, and a very nice little nurse giving me a capsule.

It was the capsules that were supposed to do the trick. You took one every hour for three days, and eventually they did odd and distressing things to your bowels. The capsule formula was a deep secret, but the principal ingredient was belladonna. The mixture worked on your colon or liver or something, and eventually all the poisons lurking there came out into the open with a rush. An oil gusher was a spring mist by comparison.

Afterwards they topped that off with Epsom salts to wash out the belladonna. In the end you were pretty well scoured out, feeling like a girl after a beach party.

In the meanwhile, though, things were made very pleasant for you. If you yelled loud and long enough you could always get a drink. There was a glassed-in roof garden with billiard tables and card rooms and lounge chairs. There were steam cabinets and hydro-therapeutic thumgadgets and sun lamps. There was the general atmosphere of being on shipboard.

The place was co-educational, and that made things nice, too. At least, it gave you variety. The woman in the room across the way from me even had a baby while I was there, to help matters along. There is nothing like being practically present at child-birth at a time when you are busy counting pink elephants and purple cows. It gives you a sort of carefree feeling.

I spent ten days at Towne's and met some very lovely people and came out with my innards as clean as a new-born babe's. I also had the strength and ambition of a new-born babe.

So I went up to Bill Brown's Health Camp. I stayed three weeks, gained twenty-odd pounds, and came back to New York feeling swell.

About that time my friend, the ambassador, decided that he had done his duty by the Prohibition Party by reforming me, and went back to drinking in a big way. I spent the next few weeks helping his wife hunt hidden bottles. The flush box of the W. C. was his favorite cache.

A month later my own wife caught up with me at the Fraternity Club. I took her back to my bed and board, and took a dozen bottles with me.

At the other end of the scale

you have the Bellevue Alcoholic Ward. You can have it, too, if you're foolish enough to take it.

A subsequent wife, at the instigation of a couple of impious friends and drunken companions, steered me into Bellevue. I didn't realize it until several hours later, when I came to, and then it was too late to do anything about it.

I do not know how cattle feel in the Chicago stock yards, but it must be very pleasant compared to what a session in Bellevue does to you.

To begin with, the ward is always over-crowded. You sleep on a thin mattress on the floor —if you sleep at all. A good half of the inmates are not alcoholics at all. Some are epileptics, some are half-wits, and some are just plain nuts. Unless you are especially violent, though, nothing much happens to you. You are given a couple of pills, a mild sedative, and told to shut up and behave yourself.

If, as was my case, you are signed in by a relative then you can't get out in less than thirty days unless that relative comes around and gets you out. Otherwise you don't leave until the doctors feel like letting you.

Unless, of course, you die. A couple of guys died while I was there, and they got out. One of them threw a fit and cracked his skull on the tile floor. Another one just choked away. They got out.

The second day the psychiatrist examines you. He is small and dark, and smokes big cigars. Maybe Freud could explain him.

He seems to feel particularly bitter about writers. When it came my turn to see him he glared at me, after looking at my card.

"So you think you're a writer, huh?"

I sort of blinked at him. I didn't feel like a literary discussion at the moment. I didn't feel like anything except getting out and grabbing a drink. Also I had a few vague ideas about what I was going to say to my wife.

He grunted disgustedly. "What do you drink for?"

Well, I knew the answer to that one, anyway. I had heard it often enough. I told him. I said, "Defensive mechanism."

For the next three minutes he told me what was wrong with that idea. Then he snapped abruptly, "You're married. What about your sex life?"

I shook my head foggily. "What about what?" For a moment I couldn't see what sex had to do with a hangover. An alcoholic hangover, I mean.

"Do you," he demanded, jabbing his pencil at me, "ever have *abnormal* relationships with your wife?"

I said, "Huh?"

"Abnormal!" he repeated. "Abnormal. What about it? Be honest now!"

I said, "Oh!" I just looked at

I'll have to think of an alibi—my wife'll never believe this"

ROBERT DELL

him for a long moment. Maybe it was my imagination, but his eyes seemed to glisten in anticipation. I had seen the same look in tourists' faces in the House of All Nations, in Paris.

Finally I asked slowly, "Just what *are* abnormal relationships?"

"You know damned well what I mean!" He sounded pretty impatient. "Just how do you go about the business of sex with your wife?"

"Oh!" I said again. "That! Well, how do *you* go about it?"

He got kind of ugly then. It appeared that he looked upon his own sex life as a purely private matter. He didn't care to discuss it. He said softly, "Listen, you! I suppose you want to get out of here, don't you?"

I shook my head. "I'm having a swell time here," I assured him. "And my pay goes right on. This is an assignment from my paper."

Well, he may have been a good psychiatrist, but he must have been a damned poor poker player. You could have bluffed him out of a full house on a busted flush. He yelled for an orderly and said, "Get him to hell out of here!"

It is a fairly simple matter to rid the system of alcohol. Just as simple as the primitive system for birth control. Abstinence.

Which is fine in theory, but about as practical and satisfactory in execution as having a love affair with Jean Harlow's photograph.

There are a dozen different methods of treating alcoholics. Some taper you off gradually, and others cut out alcohol immediately. In the end, though, most of them are the same; you are cleaned out, sometimes financially as well as physically. A sort of de luxe stomach-pump.

Unfortunately, if your nerves have for years been accustomed to the soothing, narcotic effect of alcohol in times of stress, you're going to be in a bad way when deprived of it. You'll probably end up by murdering your wife some night when she shatters the evening quiet by dropping a hairpin.

In the meantime, during the course of the treatment you get daily injections of various solutions, including insulin. Your nerves are quieted. Your appetite increases. I should say, *all* your appetites increase.

I'm even becoming interested in the bed as a co-educational institution again.

Hell, a man has to over-indulge somewhere!

Making Love-Making *Pay*

Anonymous

"Twenty-eight year old bachelor girl. Has been around, knows what it's all about. Am tired of pampering the puling papas, and want to correspond with a real man whose blood is both red and warm. Am very lonely for a he-fellow as a pal. With such a man would be a warm, responsive and loving wife. Brown eyes, dark hair, perfect skin and figure. Can mix with the best people and love it if they're not too slow on the uptake. Drop me a line—if you think you've got what I think it takes."

How does she strike you? Want her address? Little too snappy? Well, look over this one, then:

"Widow—5'4"—38—137 lbs.—blue eyes—brown hair. Excellent disposition and good cook. Loves books, and would rather stay at home with the right man than mix with the world. First husband left $6000 and a large fruit ranch to manage. One child, ten, a lovely girl with mother's pleasant ways. Want companionship of some good man who really appreciates a homey home—"

Do you need a little soul mate in your home?

Some thirty odd Matrimonial Agencies flourish around these United States, excluding the countless pen-pal outfits and Correspondence Clubs. Some flourish more oddly than others. But neither season, depression nor bad weather interferes with their brisk prosperity.

They start in a variey of ways. A job printer in Michigan started one, more or less for a sideline joke. It took immediate root and now comprises so thriving a business that he hasn't time for any sideline, even the job printing. Another one in Florida, started by an elderly lady who loved matchmaking among her many acquaintances also grew to a point where four clerks now work eight hours a day getting John and Jenny together.

Most of them start in small print shops like the one in Michigan. They're better able to turn out the necessary long winded literature, lists of names and addresses, photos, etc.

The majority of them are located in the middle west, home of the late chain letter racket. About fifteen are there, with the rest strung along the Pacific Coast.

Some treat it as a cold blooded racket, peddling their love as

you peddle tea or tap dancing lessons or toe-nail scissors or whatever racket you're in. Others gush all over you with gooey letters whose borders are lined with arrow pierced hearts, dumpy looking cupids alternated with forget-me-nots, orange blossoms, and other love-suggesting vegetables.

Between these extremes lives a group who run a legitimate business of selling Mamie's name and address to Mike, Mike's to Milly, Milly's to Marmaduke, Marmaduke's back to Mamie and so on. The customers work out their own respective reactions after they get going on their letters to each other.

I had no print shop, but I did have all the machinery incident to a direct mail advertising business. It seemed like a good racket to step along with. It still is.

With two different addresses I started by joining four of these Matrimonial outfits in widely separated localities, two in a man's and two in a woman's name. The endless supply of eligible bachelors and widowers, of refined and lonely ladies, all wealthy (or "with means") that these clubs sent me is astounding. A barrage of mail was mine from then on.

Men living everywhere from cornfields to curbstones described their good points to "Catherine Darlington"—while girls, ladies, maidens, widows, and women of all models, vintages, and editions, all with property, incomes, or actual wealth of some sort, offered their charms (personal and anatomical) to "Carl Davenport" in the same town.

Take Lima, Ohio. It could just as well be Long Beach, California or Lexington, Mass., Denver, Dallas, or Des Moines, St. Louis or Savannah. But Lima is in a section of the country where people are a little more inclined to early friendliness than some other, more conservative parts. Not that this is so important; amorous expectations flourish everywhere. But with no expenses other than fees of the clubs I joined, and with several hundred names and addresses from all over the country, as furnished by the clubs, I selected ten men and ten women within a fifty mile radius of "Lima."

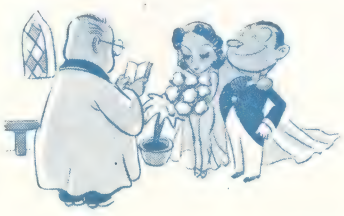
From the language used in the garrulous Agency come-on letters it appears the brevity common to other business correspondence has no place here. To each of the ten men and women on my list I shot a letter stating tactfully the delicate nature of the subject, and mentioning a mysterious "survey" work as our regular business during which their name reached us from several men (or women as the case may be) who want to know them. I dwelt on the impossibility of measuring such sacred things as love and

friendship in money—perish the thought. But our voluntary expense in investigating these aspirants before considering them as possible friends, whose names we'll gladly give you, compels the suggestion that if you'll send us one dollar only as partial reimbursement and guarantee of good faith, we'll send them along, with addresses for use at your own discretion.

It's one swell letter, just soupy enough to click. We take advantage of the weight carried by supposedly disinterested outside comment, and lay off identity with any Agency. Just what our identity is remains a little vague.

To begin with, the letter is padded with the right amount of flattering admiration. The mentality of these folk is fairly limited; they're quite prepared to admit they're attractive, if the syrup isn't spooned at 'em too heavily. And it winds up with a plausible explanation of a reasonable fee. A stiffer one would scare 'em off.

To the 70% on the first returns from a given mailing of a thousand like Lima's 20 (who are in such a hurry to get it to us that they smack back their dollar without waiting for a money order) we send the ten names as agreed, with Introduction Slips. These latter forms, being sexless, go to men and women alike. Thus the total of twenty names, when sold back and forth to each member of it, has pyramided to 200, or $20 worth—of which our 70% average return yields $14.00.



Does all our mail come from yokels out where the thickets are thickest? Certainly not. About 65% comes from the biggest cities, the rest from the smaller towns. We get a thousand answers to a thousand letters, too. Not all have the dollar—a few tell us to go to the devil; but it goes to a letter writing, mail-order-minded set of people whose greatest enjoyment consists in answering letters flavored with the right degree of deference.

To the other 30% goes a much shorter letter expressing faint disappointment. A subtle doubt creeps into it as to their attractiveness after all, and the take-it-or-leave-it attitude of the outfit with nothing to sell of value to anyone else. It gets 'em better than any high pressure sales letter. We've tried both. Of the remainder from the average 1000, 28% more crack through, or a total of 78% sales. The rest are duds.

In return for less than $70 cost on the two mailings, we've

taken in $784 in bills, money orders, and a few checks. Eight hundred and ninety-one per cent profit. Take from this the cost of original Agency memberships and other overhead expenses, and approximately 800% profit is left clear.

Is that a good racket, or isn't it?

Among these thousands of letters we get a good many funny ones, of course, and some that aren't so funny.

One old girl out in Montana who reported her age as 44 (from her picture she couldn't have been a year over 65) needed only $4000 and some good man to help around her beautiful farm there, or what was left of it. Just what the good man would do to help wasn't clear except flatten out a mortgage with his four grand—that was evidently his first chore. But she said it with the dollar so we sent her the ten names, invited her to go to it.

Another flapper in Georgia lied about her age, too. Said she was twenty, looked about fifteen. A typical, featherheaded, boy-crazy kid. She didn't send her dollar on the first shot but agreed to look over our list on a sort of approval basis, and when the boy she liked materialized she'd send us five instead. But her answer to the second letter had the necessary cash, and she got her names to play with.

Does the foregoing imply a hard boiled, come-on-you-saps attitude? I don't mean it to, because after reading through a few mail bags full of letters from a cross section all over the land, some would slow you down a little, as they did me. One little girl in Texas, a foreigner, gave us a real thrill.

This lady had no axe to grind. She hadn't "discovered her name sent in to the Agency by a friend as a joke" as most of the women do. She freely admitted sending it herself because she was lonesome and didn't care who knew it. She had no boy friends, no chance of meeting any. She didn't think she was beautiful, nor dazzling nor wealthy. A simple, unassuming country kid, sending out a call for help. She wasn't so interested in the ten names we offered, but asked for one, real one.

Her poor little pencilled letter somehow stuck out of the heap because it was so sincere. She didn't send the dollar, either. We wrote seven personal letters on that one, to fellows in that section. Texas spaces are big, but so is the ability of the Texas boys to cover them. The seventh boy we located within sixty miles of Mary (that wasn't her name) wrote a very decent letter, was a good steady fellow of about her age. We brought them together without the dollar fee from either. They really fell in love, sent us a $5 bill for thanks. We sent 'em a $10 wedding present, with our com-

"I think you've got something there" ERIC GODAL

"Better add more sugar—she's a little tart" GEORGE WOLFE

pliments. No profit in that deal, but what the hell?

Some of the regular Matrimonial Agencies try to crack down on us once in a while, but without success. We buy their names, pay the full price. They're then our property to do with as we please. If it develops we have something these names want to buy, what is to interfere? As a matter of fact we actually bring more couples together than many ordinary Agencies who advertise.

One bachelor girl, as she called herself, in Seattle was not only fat, fair, and forty but fatheaded besides. She kept us busy for a time with her crazy telepathic readings. It seems she was "in sympathy" with us, could hear our thoughts at odd times. Happily our thought messages must have met some static en route to her, as she never did discover what they were. She had the idea we were supposed to be her predestined soul mate ourselves.

As luck would have it we turned up another old fellow in Oregon, who was also "in tune with the Infinite" and got them shooting their respective cosmic rays at each other. Probably they're happy, too. Happiness takes funny forms, in this game.

We learned from a fellow in Indiana that his girl had thrown him over, and he didn't care whom we fixed him up with. He was all through with love anyway, since his sweetheart had jilted him and run off to California with another fellow. The inconsistency of enclosing a dollar for ten more such liabilities seemed to escape him.

The same mail brought a letter from a girl in San Jose, California, saying she was terribly lonely out there visiting her Uncle. She'd come out on a visit from the same Indiana town, had left because her boy friend didn't seem to love her as she thought he should. It turned out that these two, over a thousand miles apart, were talking about each other to us on the other side of the country. Just another misunderstanding settled via Cupid's Clearing House.

She hadn't gone off with the other boy at all, and we wrote our Hoosier friend about it, offering to return his dollar. He didn't sound as though he was in the habit of ignoring stray dollars, but he didn't bother to accept our offer. He hopped into an old Oldsmobile and went out after her. Their last (joint) letter, written from their own little place in California doesn't call me a racketeer.

So it goes. Letters, letters by the hundreds, day after day after day. Some crazy, some abusive, some thankful, some asinine, some dignified, some slushy, some dumb. All coming from poor souls whose chance at Love and Life has passed them by, for one reason or another.

Racket? Maybe. So what?

I SMELL

JACK HANLEY

I SMELL things. You can call it neurosis, olfactory illusion, imagination, or Jonathan J. Satchelsitter for all I care; the fact remains that, damn it to Hell, I smell things. Sometimes they are things that exist and that anybody might smell, and then, other times, I smell things that do *not* exist and that's what makes it disconcerting as hell. I can never just shrug my shoulders with Gallic nonchalance and check it off. It *might* be one of the times that there *is* something to smell, but I can't be sure.

Maybe I'd better explain, and first of all I may as well explain that I'm under no illusions about how I'm laying myself wide open by the title of this anguished confession. But I just don't care anymore—it's come to that. Let's go back a bit.

In common with most of suffering mankind I have been persecuted by what I call The Innate Perversity of Inanimate Objects, of which the refractory collar-button is a time-hallowed example. The separate-collar shirt, however, except for evening wear, has gone the way of the bustle until today if you show me a man who wears collar-buttons every day I'll show you a man who wears stiff collars on them. But the Innate Perversity Of Inanimate Objects does not stop at collar-buttons. Almost anything can develop a bitchy streak, such as a pair of glasses. I can put my glasses down in their usual spot, turn my back for a flash and when I look around they are Gone With the Laundry. They must be, because I can take out a search warrant, comb every square inch of a small apartment, look under beds, and even riffle the pages of a book (I have a book) but no matter how much strategy or low cunning I employ the glasses manage to have ducked out of one hiding place just before I look there and I can almost hear them snickering contemptuously at my baffled expression. And they're not on my forehead, either, wise guy, because they're not that kind of glasses. No—they merely avoid me, deliberately, efficiently, and with malice aforethought, until I plump, exhausted, into a chair. Then a gentle crunching sound makes me aware that I have found them, or, to be more exact, they

have found *me,* and I retire, moaning with frustration, to pick the bifocals out of the seat of my pants.

Nor is the I. P. of I. O. confined to the writer. I have a collection of incidents, neatly tied with pink ribbon, to prove its universality. Take the case of P. J. Pringlepudder, for example. Mr. Pringlepudder had been doing exceedingly well in both his love life and his profession, which was inspecting gas meters, until Horsehair Persecutions developed in his unhappy life. Not that he was allergic to horsehairs, mind you. But they tickled him—sticking out of his jacket and prickling the tender Pringlepudder flesh. And the only times the fiendish horsehair would prickle him was when he was enthusiastically kissing a girl. It didn't matter where or when; just let J. P. enfold an acquiescent young woman in his arms and approach her lips with his when *Zing!*—a sharp horsehair jabbed into his midsection and stuck there, wiggling gently while J. P. bit his lips and squirmed with anguish. Sometimes he bit the girl, which didn't make his antics any more popular with his companion, I can tell you. It got so that he was even afraid to come closer than four feet to *any* girl, while the mere sight of a horse would send him into a shuddering decline. And it wasn't just accidental. He bought new clothes, of the softest materials but always the Horsehair Persecution got him, and sometimes it got him in places that made the resultant squirms, wriggles and surreptitious scratchings seem distinctly lewd. He eventually took to going about wrapped in cotton batting and for two days he was happy, in spite of the fact that people sort of stared. Then, as he was explaining to a female friend, as best he could, his reasons for the snowy make-up he felt a sudden, sharp prickle from a pin he had unknowingly picked up on a subway seat, and they carted him off, raving mad. Which only goes to show—

I could go on indefinitely telling about the I. P. of I. O. but I'll merely say I am no longer worried by it. Because I've discovered the reason for it. It's the *Little People.* There *are* Little People: invisible leprechauns, trolls and an occasional banshee out of work who hang around just waiting. The moment I try to push a thumb-tack into the wall they twist it around gleefully so that the point goes in my thumb, or knock it from my fingers to the floor and make it invisible there—until I find it next day with a bare foot. They quickly shove a hard chair six feet out of line to meet my shin when I am hurrying; they flick back the pages of a book I am reading unless I rest my full weight on them; they make seltzer leap down one side and up the other of any glass I try to

fill, splashing on the worst possible part of my trousers and then keep it from drying; they ring my 'phone bell when I am in the shower, but only on cold days, and they unscrew my fountain pen cap in my pocket so my newest shirt and suit have indelible ink stains. But I can stand all that, because I understand it, though I do wish the Little People would find someone else to haunt for awhile.

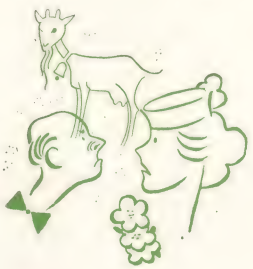
But this business of *smelling* things has got me down. It all started from the fact that I became conditioned to smouldering ashtrays. You know that smell—like a fire in a garbage wagon—that a smouldering ashtray gives out? And here we tie up with the Innate Perversity of Inanimate Objects: in my face cigarettes frequently go out leaving me sucking stale, burned-tasting air instead of smoke. But no matter how I tamp it in an ashtray a cigarette will spring furiously alight, wriggle over to the other stubs and ignite them until the tray looks like a miniature Vesuvius and smells worse. Putting water in the tray doesn't help; the butts poke their tiny red heads above the surface and burn anyway, and a foul, blackish soup is brewed in the receptacle that smells worse than ever.

Sometimes cigarettes, gayly alight, will jump off the ashtray and land cozily on the rug, adding the cannibalistic aroma of singed wool to the odiferous effluvium, and leaving a deep, black groove in the rug. Or they'll land on the furniture, producing a pungent, resinous smell of cooked varnish.

Now my nose is not a particularly efficient organ; I'm no bloodhound. But I grew to differentiate between the various burning odors at first sniff, and commenced a search for the particular spot that was offending. Not that I ever found it until the butt was entirely consumed or the fresh brown scar gleamed stickily from my table or desk. Always, there hung over my head the gloomy vision of a conflagration started by one of these malicious ciggie butts, until I began hesitating before I went out of the house, and going back to check each ashtray. It was horrible. I would get two blocks away and remember *one* ashtray I had forgotten—and go back. Naturally, on those occasions I never found even faint warmth anywhere and after awhile I took heart, only to come home one day and find a hole singed through twelve pages of a just-completed manuscript. That started me sniffing. A dozen times an hour my nostrils would flare, and like Mickey Mouse's Pluto I'd go sniffing around the room, trying to track down the errant odor. I compiled a chart, cross-indexed, of every ashtray in the place, and checked them off, one by one; added every spot a lurking cigarette might smoulder unseen and began drawing graphs to get a

probable next outbreak. And I don't like drawing graphs. But to no avail. It slowly dawned on my consciousness that I was smelling things that *did not exist!* And I began smelling other things.

There was the evening I was in a hotel suite, talking quietly to some friends when I became aware of an odd snuffling sound. Not until someone said: "Have you a cold?" did I realize that it came from me. "I smell steak frying," I said lightly. They looked puzzled. "Not here," they said. "There isn't even a kitchen." I insisted, and that funny, wary look began to come into their eyes. In the hall, waiting for the elevator, it was intensified. I could have sworn a thick streak was sizzling nearby. When the elevator came up I sniffed, essayed a smile, and said: "That sure smells good," to the elevator boy. "What?" he said blankly. "That steak frying," I said, wanly. He just looked at me a moment, said "*Steak* frying!" in awed tones, and dropped the car to the street quickly without stopping for the bells.



You may think something is wrong with my nose. But it isn't just that. Very often I smell something that everyone else smells. And sometimes everyone smells something—and I don't. Like the time everyone looked at me queerly and made jesting remarks about perfume. "What perfume?" I asked, innocently. "That *Fleur de Floosie* you're drenched with," they chuckled wickedly. And only when a young lady called me up and asked me to return her compact which she had slipped into my pocket the day before did I realize that I had been going around smelling like a second-rate gigolo. My nose never warned me.

And that's what makes it so insidiously destructive. I cannot resist the temptation to find out whether or not what I smell is being noticed by others. I *have* to mention it. "Did you notice," I'll say with elaborate casualness, "the pickle-ly odor that just wafted by?" "Naturally," my companion agrees, looking at me queerly. "We just passed a delicatessen." And I *know* he hasn't felt the same about me since. I once alienated a good friend by airily remarking about the salami he had had for lunch. Being a person with a very definite aversion to garlic he took quite an attitude about it and the next day I happened to see him furtively going into a dentist's office. But he's not my friend any more.

It's interfering with my love-life, too. I tremble at the

memory of the evening I spent with a charming bit of femininity; she was lovely, she was young, she was . . . Well, everything was all right until I escorted her home and was the happy recipient of an invitation to come in for a nightcap. I didn't know any circumstances under which a drink would be more acceptable, especially since she had *that* look in her eye. And then—God, the horror of it—as we went up in the elevator I smelled *Goat*. There's no use telling me goats don't go around riding in elevators. And I sniffed, surreptitiously, at the operator and it wasn't him. It was goat. I resisted, manfully, until the twenty-third floor and then it had to come out.

"Do you notice a peculiar odor?" I said, trying to make it sound like light repartee.

"Odor? Of what?" she smiled, sniffing at her gardenia coyly.

"Well—" I stammered, "a—a sort of goatish smell?" The elevator boy (so many things happen in elevators) looked around, like a startled faun; Marybelle's slim eyebrows went up and I noticed a certain limpness in her hand, tucked cozily under my arm. I should have taken warning.

"What do you mean—goatish smell?" she said, and there was the sound of thin ice breaking in her voice.

"Oh—just a sort of goat smell. You mean you don't notice it?"

She didn't answer. She walked ahead of me, opened her door, and poured a short drink with almost frantic haste; then stood by without taking off her wraps while I tossed it down. I needed it. And when I saw the glitter in those blue eyes that had been so melting a few minutes before I needed another. But I got a grated "Good-night-thank-you-so-much-for-a-lovely-evening." And a door slammed on romance. Not only slammed, but double bolted like a *donjon* keep.

So there you have it. If I resolutely ignore the pungent, sulphurous odor that assaults my screwy nostrils someone comes tearing in shrieking: "My God, can't you *smell* that? How can you sit there with the refrigerator gassing everyone in the house!" And two hours later when I mildly mention the tinge of ammonia in the air everyone looks queerly at me and a brilliant blonde walks off in a huff.

The other day an acquaintance was reading one of my concoctions. He scowled – being something of a critic—and said: "Boy—do you stink!" I almost wept, and then when I realized it was a critical rather than an olfactory observation I couldn't help it. I kissed him.

Now I wear a bandage on my nose, saturated with iodoform. And everything smells like iodoform to me which simplifies things a bit. I merely say, when anyone mentions an odor, "It smells like iodoform to me" and point laughingly to the bandage.

Sports Writer's Heroes

By JAMES A. BURCHARD

ANY ORTHODOX citizen, perusing the daily sports pages of the nation's press, can discover that Joe Slappo won the championship because he was good to his mother, abstained from befuddling liquors, and wouldn't touch tobacco unless guaranteed $50 from an advertising agency.

The Slappo boys are a dime a dozen to the sports writers of America and adjoining territory. They receive reams of publicity, but nine times out of ten the athletic god of the public is just tripe to the punk who pounds the typewriter. It's a revelation when the sports chroniclers order the fourth round of Scotch and compare notes. National nabobs are crucified on the altar of anecdote. The gentlemen of the press have their own heroes, usually for very personal reasons.

After twelve years in the New York madhouse, experting on all forms of insanity from six-day bike races to cricket, I feel dizzy enough to plunge the spade of reminiscence into the sports graveyard and unearth a few corpses. I have my own heroes. They aren't the headliners, for the most part. They're the real guys—frequently the unsung toilers behind the scenes who grab a few bucks and do most of the work.

Bill Carey, now Sanitation Commissioner in New York, won my undying admiration in 1933. The Rangers were playing in Toronto for the world hockey title. Carey, at the time, was president of Madison Square Garden and chief of the Rangers.

"Win or lose," said Carey, "we'll do things in a large way."

He promptly hired two private railroad cars, an orchestra, and a few other essential items. The Rangers responded by qualifying for the championship series. They won the Stanley Cup, but Carey was too excited to watch the fracas. He secreted himself in a nearby garage and supervised a valve-grinding job.

That night Carey gave a grand party. He lost $700, but later discovered the cash under his mattress. When he left the Royal York Hotel, he was a combination of King Midas and J. D. Rockefeller. He saw a newsboy, endeavoring to sell a few papers during a rainstorm. Carey produced ten bucks. He took the papers, sent the kid home and tossed the merchandise down a convenient sewer. A few moments later he handed an old woman

twenty dollars for an umbrella. The umbrella remained the good-luck token of the Rangers for many months.

A real guy, that Carey, and the sports writers were sorry to see him trade in the racket for a swivel chair.

I never could get excited about Gene Tunney. The first time I interviewed him he was ensconced in a Broadway hotel. It was two days after he had dethroned Jack Dempsey. Tunney lowered his dignity sufficiently to receive the press. Even so, he was pretty much of a flop.

He was beating his chest when I entered his suite, and saying something about his being the champion and that Dempsey would have to come to him in the future. There wasn't a drink in the joint. The sport writers, fairly annoyed by it all, left as soon as possible. They found sanctuary with Dempsey. He escorted them to the bath tub, where they were elated to find a cache of bottles. Dempsey didn't get the worst of it in the following reports.

Dempsey always will rate close to the top in my album of sports celebrities—and for something that doesn't concern his punch. We were walking down the street one day last year when a panhandler asked for alms. Dempsey gave him a coin.

"Sucker," said I. "Anybody could see he's a pro."

"Maybe," said the mighty Manassa Mauler. "But I'd rather give to nine phonies than miss one guy who really needs the cash."

The late Miller Huggins, who piloted the New York Yankees to the peak of the baseball universe, was beloved by all sports writers. The members of the fourth estate who reported the doings of the Yankees never forgot Huggins' magnificent exhibition of self restraint in a little matter concerning Babe Ruth.

The Babe, as all persons connected with baseball know, liked to burn his candle at both ends. If possible, he touched a match to the middle for good measure. He laughed at training rules, which irked Huggins almost beyond endurance.

On one notable occasion the Babe didn't show up at the hotel until daybreak. Huggins, wrathful and swearing vengeance, spoke his mind to an assistant coach.

"This is the end," he declared. "I'll speak to the Babe—and I'll say plenty."

That afternoon the Babe showed up at the ball park just before the start of the game. He looked bad, but he stepped out in all his glory. He hit two home runs, a triple, and a double. The Yanks won in a walk, thanks to Ruth's mighty display with the bludgeon.

About seven o'clock that evening Huggins and the assistant coach were conversing outside the front entrance of the hotel. The Babe, pleasure bent, put shoulder to the swinging doors.

The assistant coach said, "Here he comes. Are you going to speak to him?"

"You bet I am," said Huggins.

And he did. As the mighty man approached, Huggins put on his Sunday smile and remarked, "Good evening, Babe."

Tennis has given many heroes to the press, and Dr. Philip B. Hawk heads the list. Sports writers still mention his name with awe and affection. He was the first official in history to humble Big Bill Tilden.

In his amateur days, Tilden was king. He ruled officials with an iron hand, exploited temperament and condescended to perform only when the mood seized him. His boon companion was Frank Hunter, now a professional promoter. During the 1930 singles championship, when he was dethroned by John Doeg, Tilden ran afoul of Dr. Hawk and had his ears pinned back. He asked for trouble by announcing that he wouldn't enter the stadium until Hunter had completed a match then in progress.

"I can't disturb Frank," said Big Bill.

Dr. Hawk, tournament chairman, promptly earned himself a niche in the hall of fame. The great Tilden failed to impress him in the slightest. He barked, "If you aren't on the court in ten minutes, you'll be defaulted."

Tilden turned purple. It was sacrilegious. No mere official had ever dared to address him in such terms. Sports writers, listening to the exchange of words, couldn't credit their ears. But Tilden was on deck in exactly seven minutes and a half. Under the circumstances, it wasn't surprising to hear a burst of applause from the press box.

Neither Fred Perry nor Ellsworth Vines is a big shot with the lads who write about them. Vines pinches his pennies too much to earn the wholehearted approval of the free-spending newspapermen. He enters every expenditure in a little black book. One day, while riding in a railroad train with his wife, the lanky Californian went on a financial spree. He gave up a nickel for an apple. Mrs. Vines, watching her noted hubby in the process of mastication, summoned enough courage to enter a mild protest.

"You might buy me one," she said.

"You're not an athlete," responded the tennis king. "I need extra food to keep in shape."

Mrs. Vines contented herself with a magazine.

Perry is just a laugh to a great many American newspapermen. They can't forget the day he cut the strings out of a racquet and distributed them to feminine admirers. It was a swell-headed gesture typical of the British gentle-

man. The only time Perry actually established himself as a brother to the writers was when he bought a drink. But he insisted on beer. It was a first-class investment, however. The beer-guzzlers rewarded him with plenty of publicity. Today Perry is cleaning up as an actor, writer, and professional tennis trooper.

Tennis officials never will recover from the explosion that rocked the final round of an eastern turf-court championship. The rivals in that notable joust were two Englishwomen—Mrs. Elsie Pittman and Joan Ridley. After winning one set each, they calmly walked off the court.

"An old English custom," they said. "Just cut the trophy in half, and everything will be lovely. We don't care to beat each other."

The badge-wearers in charge of the tournament practically went berserk. But the English gals stuck to their guns. It was a refreshing and novel interlude in American sporting history, which was duly reported and appreciated by the press.

The sports writers swear by Mercer Beasley, probably the No. 1 tennis coach of the moment. Most of them aren't certain whether Beasley is a tactician or a showman, but they agree he's a super-salesman of the courts. He gives the boys a story at any hour on any day. You can't hate a guy like that.

The first time I interviewed Beasley, he was frankness personified. He said he started his tennis career as a waiter. He served soft drinks to the players at the old Notlek courts in New York. But he was dissatisfied with his lot. One red-letter afternoon he asked Vinnie Richards how an ambitious man might improve his status in life.

"Why don't you turn pro?" said Vinnie.

"Don't you have to know anything about tennis?" queried Beasley.

"Not a thing," assured Richards. "Just announce yourself."

Beasley dropped his tray and grabbed a racquet. He not only announced himself as a professional coach, but he turned the joke on Richards by becoming the most successful tennis teacher in the history of the game. Successful, at least, as far as monetary returns are concerned. It costs dough to be coached by Beasley, whether you master his system or otherwise.

Being a fount of information, Beasley is tremendously popular with the writers. Most of his yarns stretch the imagination a trifle, but copy is copy. French tennis enthusiasts never will forget the time that Beasley visited Paris to win the Davis Cup with his hypnotic eye. As it happened, his baleful glance didn't disturb the Tricolor players, but European newspapermen dashed off thousands of words anent Beasley's mighty efforts.

My personal choice for a very large medal is Bill O'Brien, professional tennis maestro. He's

modeled along Horatio Alger lines. Bill began his career as a rubber for Suzanne Lenglen, and now pays to get rubbed, himself. In his healthier days, Bill loved to hoist the merry tankard with his fourth-estate companions. But his belly went back on him. He had to hit the milk regime. It didn't affect his disposition. He still opens a bottle for the boys, and consumes a milk shake just to keep them company. Such courage under fire couldn't go unrewarded. Sports writers rally about the O'Brien standard whenever he sends out an SOS.

Personally, I'm an Eleanor Holm rooter. Her charming frankness has given me many a laugh. Sports writers, generally inured to surprise, find her astonishing copy. Just before cracking a backstroke record, she may say, "I don't know if I'll be able to swim the length of the pool. Too much champagne last night."

Eleanor—Mrs. Eleanor Holm Jarrett, to be exact—got just what she deserved when she was suspended by the Olympic chieftains. But that doesn't detract from her appeal to the newshounds who report her conquests. They hope she drinks more champagne and cracks more records. So do I. A young woman like Eleanor Jarrett makes even a swimming meet delectable.

Ching Johnson, the bald-headed veteran of the New York Rangers, is my favorite hockey player. He's hell on the ice, and a grand guy off it. He'll drink beer, tell stories, or do anything else that comes along. Another hockey headliner who's tops with the writers is Eddie Shore, famed Boston defenseman.

I'm a Shore booster, but he ruined my appetite for shredded wheat. One night, after a particularly vigorous game, Shore and I dined together. He displayed a nasty gash over his right eye, and it was still somewhat moist. He devoured a bowl of shredded wheat, ignoring the blood that dripped from his wound into the milk. It was something to remember—and forget.

After a while a girl reaches the point where she's offered enough to make it an honor for her to lose her honor.

Many a man marries a widow for her money and gets next to nothing

Who the Hell started this?

"IT CERTAINly looks a lot like a horse," said Ulysses, giving his mob a big wink. That was how practical joking got its start in history.

There must have been practical jokers before Ulysses but they didn't have press agents. When those spear-throwers crawled up into the wooden horse's belly they started the greatest practical joke in history, and of course the Trojans were the perfect fall guys.

You've got to think quick to be a practical joker and you've got to be ruthless. Take W. C. Fields, a nice fellow until he's aroused. He and Ed Wynn haven't liked each other very much for these many years, and the reason is a practical joke that backfired.

Both were playing in the "Follies" at the time. Fields was doing a comedy billiard table routine on the stage that he had done in vaudeville for a long time. He had every laugh spotted and could tell the exact second when it would come.

One night the laughs went wrong. Now take a guy like Fields who knows his routine like Tommy Manville knows 52nd street—take a guy like that and mix up his laughs and you've killed him. The first night it happened he looked to see if his pants were buttoned up.

The next night the routine went screwy again. Fields was frantic. The third night he saw a shoe sticking out from under the billiard table he used in the act. He picked up the cue, backed away far enough to see under the table and followed the leg back from the shoe to the grinning mug of Ed Wynn. Wynn was lying under the table making faces at the audience.

Nobody but another comedian could know that this crime ranks above murder among the funny men. Fields went into action.

By TED COOPER

"Well, my chickadee," and the heavy end of the billiard cue came down on Wynn's head. The "Perfect Fool" passed out cold.

The audience thought it was all part of the act. The stage manager rang down the curtain and tossed a bucket of water over Wynn. It took more than one bucket to bring him around so he could do his own act later.

Ribs that backfire are the best kind because the audience gets a double feature for a single admission. And besides, bromide though it be, no practical joker can take it!

A lot of practical jokes can be made to backfire when the victim has a little imagination.

For example, there's the case of that wild Hollywood writer (in Hollywood all writers—as well as deuces—are wild) who called up James Cruze's house one Saturday. This wasn't many moons after Cruze finished directing "The Covered Wagon."

This writer invited himself out for the week-end.

"Come next week instead," begged Mrs. Cruze. "Jim and I are worn out and we're going to take a rest cure."

A rest cure! The writer consulted friends. A perfect set-up. Came Sunday morning and there was a classified ad in all the Los Angeles papers describing a second-hand flivver with all the gadgets in the catalogue for cigarette money. A phone number was supplied for the convenience of people who wanted to buy it.

The Cruzes hadn't received more than a dozen calls on their unlisted line when they smelled a herring. By his reputation was the writer known and so was he convicted. The Cruzes gave *his* address to everybody who wanted to buy the car and he spent the better part of two weeks getting out of trouble.

Not so quick on the comeback was Holly Noble, a press agent employed by the Columbia Broadcasting System in New York. He ran into trouble last Christmas because a group of his friends put an ad in the New York *American*.

"I buy old Christmas trees. Phone after 6 p.m. C. H. Noble Tompkins Square 6————."

The weary Mr. Noble picked up the telephone 67 times the first night to say with increasing ill will that he didn't want to buy any Christmas trees. The second night there were 89 calls. The Erie Railroad wanted a quote on two carloads. The pay-off came when the Brooklyn *Times-Union* called to sell him an ad in that sheet.

The incident, mentioned with no little humor by some of the trade papers, marked Mr. Noble for a sucker. The next week found a dozen people all around New York dropping old keys into garbage cans, on conspicuous corners, in the subway, and in the rooms marked "Men" and "Women." Each key carried a neat little tag notifying the finder that a five-dollar reward

was waiting if he returned the key to C. H. Noble. (We spare Mr. Noble by not printing his address.)

Not even in the White House is a sucker safe from a practical joke. About two years ago White House Secretaries Stephen T. Early and Marvin McIntyre joined up with two Washington newshawks in a White House Quartet. A radio man who heard the news persuaded the four to sing over the air as a gag.

As soon as the "concert" was over, Early was called to a phone.

"I represent the Ex-Lax Company," a strange voice told him. "How much would your quartet want for a fifteen-minute spot twice a week?"

Early hesitated, motioned to the other three.

"I'd have to talk to the rest of the boys," he answered. Then with his hand over the mouthpiece he said to the others: "Listen, this is a guy who wants to pay us for singing on the air."

Three more jaws dropped open.

"Well, don't sign any contracts until you talk to me," Early was warned by the man on the phone.

Then a hearty laugh came tumbling out of the receiver and you could hear it all over the office in the Washington radio station. And there was no mistaking the man to whom that laugh belonged. It was the President of the United States. Franklin D. Roosevelt has not been above practical jokes on other occasions, either.

It was another President Roosevelt, though, who came out of Harry Houdini's bathroom with a red face around a mouthful of teeth. Houdini had his house all tricked up with gadgets but his favorite was the one that made T. R. blush. This was a gong which rang when the toilet was flushed. Houdini hunted for months to find a gong that was loud enough, one that was not only heard all over the house but even out in the grounds. Finally, he got a fire gong and placed it behind the toilet.

T. R.—a "sitting flusher" type—came tearing out of the bathroom, the first time it happened, looking for a fire—both hands too busy to fight one.

Nobody was more pleased than the lusty Teddy when he found out what it was. Then he stuck around to watch the other victims.

A good many practical jokes of an embarrassing nature like this have a high "moral" purpose. If someone is troubled with an expanding hat size there's nothing better than a rib to shrink it down again.

A few months ago Bob Burns got pretty fed up with a Hollywood screen lover who was posing his profile around in public places a good deal. Bob got tired hearing the fellow complain about how the autograph hunters bothered him.

This star was due at the Trocadero Club one night for a party to which Bob was also invited. Before the hero arrived Van Buren's Mr. Burns made the rounds of the Troc, asking all the customers to request autographs from each member of his party except Mr. Big.

It went off according to schedule and after three minutes of being ignored by the autograph hunters, Mr. Big left in a huff.

"What that feller needs to worry about is when they stop askin' him for autographs," Bob observed. Bob himself always thanks an autograph hunter politely for asking him.

There's something about show business that begets ribbers. To Olsen and Johnson, the madcaps of vaudeville, a practical joke is a challenge. One of their former victims tried a comeback at the team by advertising in the Minneapolis papers that the pair would throw an automobile off the Hennipen Avenue Bridge on a certain day at noon—and signing the comedians' names to the ad.

Chic Johnson saw the ad first and brought it to his partner.

"Are we going to let the guy get away with this?" he asked.

Ole read, acted with decision.

"If we don't deliver, we're sunk," he snapped. "But first we get a car."

They bought an old Ford, arranged for an accomplice. The police saw the ad in the paper and announced that under no circumstances would the stunt be allowed. A half hour before noon the comedians started out for the bridge by a roundabout route. The first policeman they passed gave the alarm and a few blocks later motorcycle cops and a squad car took up the chase. They careened through the streets, ducked into alleys, doubled back, always just a little ahead of the cops who had only to watch the craning necks of people on the street to tell which way they had gone.

Ole Olsen kept his watch in hand. A few minutes before twelve he gave Chic Johnson the word to head straight for the bridge. As they drew nearer they saw the crowd, about 2000 strong, jamming the sidewalks. When they drove wildly onto the bridge, their accomplice placed two planks up to the railing on one side, brought a block and tackle out of hiding. Johnson executed a fancy telemark turn and drove the front wheels onto the planks. Olsen and Johnson jumped out. Their assistant hooked the block and tackle onto the bumper—then all three pulled the car up the planks, over the railing and into the

river several hundred feet below.

The crowd cheered and the police sulked, but Olsen and Johnson were happy. They had turned a rib sharp side to the ribber.

Chic and Ole have disrupted ordinary routine in the broadcasting studios several times, but radio has its own share of practical jokers. Some years before Lanny Ross became the Show Boat's No. 1 heart-throb he was on the air as the "Troubadour of the Moon," and leading the band for this program was the veteran Don Voorhees.

One night before they were due to go on the air a thoughtful member of the brass section shoved the hands of the studio clock ahead fifteen minutes. Everyone but Voorhees was warned. As the hand went to the hour mark the musicians got ready to go. Voorhees poised his baton for action.

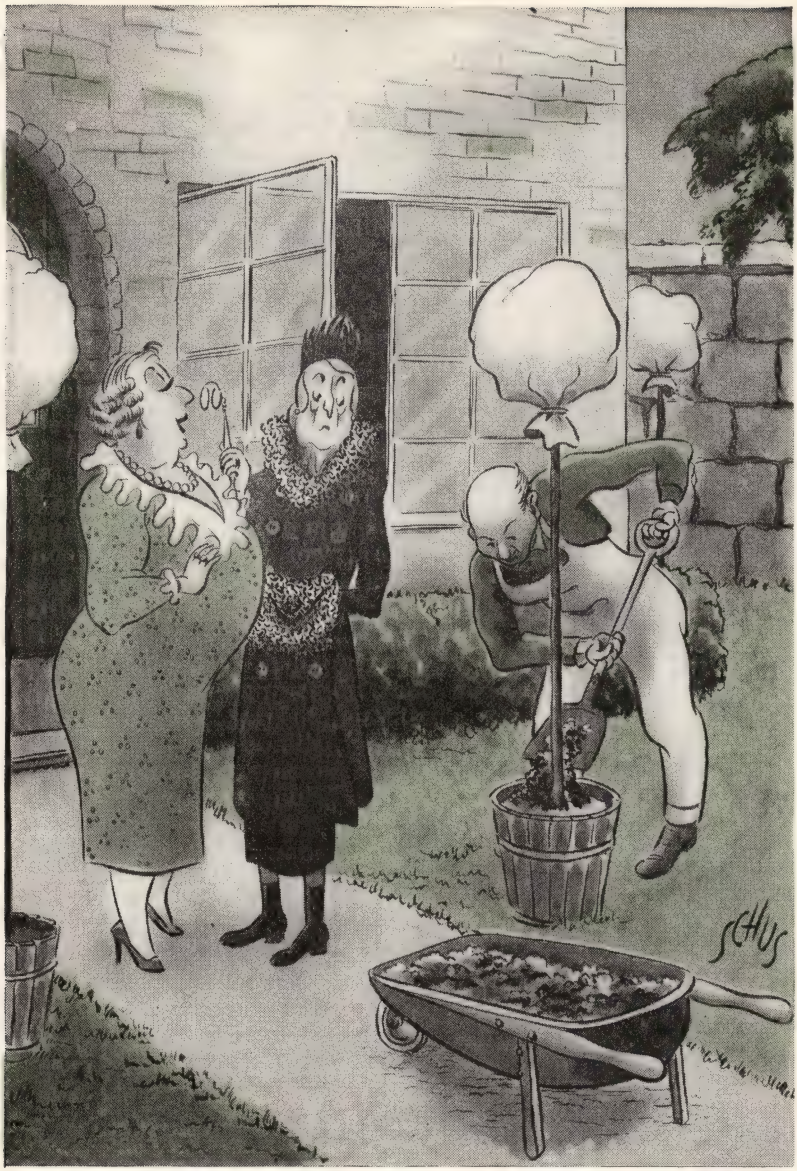
At the correct second he gave the downbeat. Not a note was sounded. Voorhees looked at the clock, made frantic motions at the musicians. He raised his baton again, brought it down. Still not a sound. He turned white, and sweat rolled down his forehead. On the third try every man blew a different note and the conductor was so shaken he almost collapsed. It was with great difficulty that he directed the program a few minutes later when informed of the gag.

Morton Downey embarrassed Ted Husing by pushing him into an unwilling strip-tease while Ted was broadcasting. Husing was on the air, talking from a typed script when Downey nonchalantly walked into the studio and went to work. First he took off Husing's tie, then his shirt, trousers and shoes. Ted couldn't move from the microphone, nor could he cry for help. When that program was over Husing stood there in his shorts, and Downey had vanished.

It wasn't exactly a joke to go to law about, but there have been cases where the sucker got mad and sued.

In Nickerson v. Hodges (146 La. 735, if you want to look it up) $10,000 in damages was asked for harm done by a practical joke. A Louisiana spinster went the way of all spinsters and tried a fortune teller. All she got for her money was a tip that some of her relatives had buried gold on a farm nearby. She started digging and hired a gang to help her. After a few weeks a farmer's daughter, whose name was Smith, got together with some of her friends and gave birth to the idea of burying a pot of "gold."

They filled an iron pot with rocks and dirt, and buried it in



ADOLPH SCHUS

"Only the best, you know—that's fertilizer by Cavalcade!"

the path of the old maid and her excavators. In a few days it was dug up. When the top cover was removed a note was discovered directing that the pot be taken to the bank for safekeeping, held there for three days, and then opened only in the presence of the finder, next of kin and heirs. Instructions were carried out and the whole countryside gathered for the unveiling. A certain Judge Drew, the local big shot, lent tone to the event.

When the real contents were revealed the lady immediately became the laughing stock of the community. She began suit for ten grand for "financial outlay, loss in business, mental and physical suffering, humiliation and injury to reputation and social standing growing out of malicious deception and conspiracy with respect to the finding of a supposed pot of gold."

Which is plenty of trouble for any practical joker. The old maid died before the suit ever came to trial but the heirs were awarded $500 and the judge said the judgment would have been much higher if the lady had lived.

Hollywood, though, is the real hotbed for practical jokers. George O'Brien, the western star, gave a writer an introduction to horse opera that he'll never forget. This writer, Ernest Pascal, was very slick with words in stories about beds and the kind of negligees you can see through, but he didn't know a six-shooter from a cactus plant when it came to westerns.

The company was making "The Last of the Duanes" on location. Just to help the picture along the press agents had started the word in the L. A. papers that O'Brien and Frank Layton, who played the villain, didn't get along very well. These two, with the help of Kermit Maynard, Ken's brothers, and a few assorted stooges, planned out a proper introduction to westerns for Pascal, the writer.

When they sat down to dinner Layton started to complain to Myrna Loy, who was also in the picture, about O'Brien getting a "big head." It was loud enough for Pascal and everyone else at the table to hear, and O'Brien accepted the challenge by throwing a dish of spinach in Layton's face.

Pascal was knocked off his chair onto the floor in the fight that followed before Al Wirker, who was in on the gag, separated them.

A few minutes later Walter McGrail, another actor in the company, appeared on a balcony over the dining room, flung down another crack about O'Brien's big head. This time George threw a salt shaker—but threw it so well it hit McGrail on the temple.

O'Brien was the first to reach him and McGrail, despite a nasty cut on his head, whispered "Go ahead, I'm O. K." By this

time Kermit Maynard had appeared from outdoors with a gun in hand.

"Listen, O'Brien, it's time we had this out. We've taken enough from you," he said in true two-gun fashion.

O'Brien reached for his gun and gave the signal for the trick-shot artist of the company to shoot out the light. Then O'Brien and Maynard blazed away in the dark with blanks. When a lamp was brought in, Maynard was face down on the floor.

"For God's sake, get a doctor!" Pascal shouted.

O'Brien, reloading his gun, looked at him contemptuously.

"He doesn't need a doctor. He needs a coroner," he said.

This time Pascal dashed for the telephone, and they had to take it out of his hands by force. It was more than an hour before he was convinced the whole stunt was a gag.

The best ribs are the result of long planning. Think of the time and effort that a newsreel sound-man spent on a broadcast from the marriage bed of two newlywed friends. He got into their apartment several days before, concealed a microphone near the head of the bed and ran the wire to an adjoining apartment.

Then he invited all the friends of the couple that he could get together to come over after the wedding, and listen to the broadcast. The opening line was "At last we're alone, Bill!"

Just as unusual was the "broadcast" arranged by a well known Hollywood leading man at a party he gave recently. The women were escorted to a "powder" room and left alone with a few trays of drinks for company. The host conducted his male guests to another room where he turned on the radio and gave the company a load of what goes on in the ladies' room—any ladies' room—by direct wire.

It was strictly a Hollywood gag, for nowhere else could you get a lady, whose lowered lashes have brought in a good many millions at the box office, to say out loud in public: "For Christ's sake, Gloria, make it snappy in there."

As observed in the shop—Anne Carmen's, 536 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois

Purveyors of Pornography

There's gold in them thar thrills—but not much!

By GENE HARVEY

It was about a year ago that Joe came into my life. Until that time I had thought of matters pornographic neither more nor less than any average person; it meant feelthy peectures that some adolescents or adolescent adults sneaked out of an inside pocket and exhibited in sheepish glee; it meant the unexpurgated *Lady Chatterly's Lover* I had read and found, somewhat disappointedly, to be a rather good book. In other words, I could take it or leave it alone. And it was, I assumed, somewhat expensive.

Then Joe came. Joe was small, dark and a bewildering combination of bland confidence and hesitant meekness, like a bold rabbit. Joe seemed interested in the idea that I was a writer; suspicious about it, almost. He asked a few questions, nodded approvingly, seemed reasonably satisfied that I was not lying about myself and then, an hour later, asked "Didja ever sell anything?''

Shortly afterward he left. The bottle was empty anyway.

A few days later Joe reappeared, and said he wanted to talk to me. This time I noticed a bright, golden bicuspid gleaming in the sun. It fascinated me . . . maybe I was hypnotized. But I let him in and we talked. And in no time at all he suggested that I write a book for him.

There are many ways of insulting a free-lancer, but offering him work is not one of them. And while Joe looked like a small, plump hybrid of minor racketeer and garment workers' union delegate, experience had taught me that publishers may move in many a wondrous garb indeed.

"What sort of a book?" I asked affably.

"Sex," he said, succinctly. "You kin write sex?" It was a question.

There are sex books and sex books, of course, ranging from *Fanny Hill,* which is in the doghouse, to *Scarlet Ex-Virgin,* in your

local lending library. I prodded further, and Joe, gleaming goldenly, confessed that he meant "a hot story—you know—with all the words and plenty of action."

Naturally there was only one thing remaining to do. Curl a contemptuous lip at the foul creature, say "Bah-h!", denounce him violently and throw him out? Remember, *Lady Chatterly* was bringing, at one time, about forty smackers a copy. I said "How much is in it?"

He said "Fifty dollars," and then I *did* throw him out.

That was my introduction to the present-day pornography industry, and it set me to thinking, which is, after all, something. My conception of illicit erotica was pre-depression; vague memories of stories about huge sums spent for high-test hotcha in fine bindings predominated. Had all that changed, or were the helpless writers of secret sin being exploited? I would investigate. I owed it to my public. I also owed it to several annoying insistent tradespersons, but we needn't go into that. I would do some research and find out. Maybe you think I expected to *enjoy* delving into printed vice? Well, maybe I did—so what?

Mr. John F. Sumner probably reads more dirty books than any other man in New York, in his capacity as chief harasser for the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice. And Mr. Sumner announced pleasantly that practically all the major purveyors of pornography were, at the moment, either in jail or awaiting trial. Comparatively few individuals ever made much money out of the racket in the last few years, it seems, and Mr. Sumner's estimate of the average earnings of one of the larger producers of pornography was in the neighborhood of $5,000 a year. Stacked up against a $1,000 fine and six months in clink, that isn't so much—and that's what this individual drew although, Mr. Sumner added regretfully, the six months sentence was suspended. And this nasty person, like two or three others, operated a complete printing plant and bindery.

Checking up on the boys themselves revealed a slightly different story. There is no doubt that the days when an evening of "stag films" cost about $200 are practically gone. And while illicit erotica may bring twenty or fifty dollars per copy it only brings it, now, from a few wealthy collectors. You can buy most of the average output at prices ranging from two to ten dollars, depending upon how broke the peddler is. But let's be more orderly.

Pornography, like Gaul, is divided into three parts—books, films, and pictures, and they probably rank in that order of importance.

Bookstores carrying the venal volumes—and that means some of the most reputable booksell-

ers, though you won't find the offensive tomes displayed on the bargain counters—sell only to a select list of customers, getting maximum prices at minimum risk. These stores handle some of the better erotica, from a literary standpoint. And there are innumerable stores, some advertising through the mails, that peddle pornography as a main source of income. They don't send the McCoy stuff through the mails unless they know you as a customer. Sometimes they make mistakes, though, and several guys who made mistakes are now thinking it over in jail. Proprietors of the dirt factories where obscene books are printed, either from original manuscripts or pirated from standard erotica, do pretty well for themselves as long as they manage to keep clear of the law. So do those discreet distributors who have good lists of customers. But the greater majority of pornography peddlers are selling stuff like *Night In A Moorish Harem, Midnight Intimacies, Tracts on Flagellation* or *The Amazing Experiences of a Surgeon* for as little as five to ten dollars. Some, which are unadulterated lib-

ido-ticklers relying on a vividly anatomical rather than literary style, can be bought for as little as two or three dollars. And none of them are recommended for little Johnny's supplementary reading. A small army of shifty-eyed men scuttle about peddling or renting these for whatever they can get and hardly a week goes by without the law picking up a few. Since selling, or possessing with intent to sell, obscenity is only a misdemeanor they usually get off with a fine or short stretch in the can. Frank Harris' *Fanny Hill* or the infamous *Lady Chatterly's Lover* can be had today for as little as seven-fifty or ten dollars. Another popular number is *The Diary Of Dolly Morton, Prima Donna* which retails at ten bucks and is a sort of erotic *Gone With The Wind.* Since these cost the dealer anywhere from three to six dollars you can figure out the small margin of profit to the harassed petty peddler. Writers of this mental rot-gut get fifty bucks a volume, or as much less as they'll take, which proves vice does not pay—writers. Naturally, we except the more classic forms of really literary erotica, most of which are pirated from the originals.

Pictures — feelthy peectures — are more of a sideline to the book racket and bring, instead of several dollars each, about one buck per print, 8 x 10 inches. Smaller prints go for two

bits or what have you. And they must be sharp, clear photos. I learned from Mr. Sumner that decks of playing cards are sold, each card bearing a scandalous obscene photo. Try those on Aunt Minnie's bridge club sometime!

Films, however, have become a major item in the pornographic picture—particularly since the advent of 16 mm. amateur equipment at low prices. And here, too, is a situation where two or three producers of such films make the real dough while the small fry do a nickel-and-dime business on sales and rentals of "specials" as stag reels are familiarly called.

Not so long ago—perhaps now—some of Park Avenue's lustier weathy set prized stag films as part of a bawdy evening's entertainment. They may still continue this quaint practice, but I doubt if they pay the prices such reels used to bring. The producer of pornography whose income Mr. Sumner estimated at around $5,000 a year, net, was a stag reel industrialist. A check-up among the boys tells a slightly different story. One such producer made more than $100,000 in the racket in less than a year—which is dough, no matter how you look at it. And one or two others have done as well. Here's the way it works.

A "producer" who decides to make an obscene photoplay gets a general idea for a story. It's seldom very ingenious and never imaginative; I've seen surgical operations that were less vivid. He hires a furnished room somewhere, sets up a few Photoflood lamps, hires a *fille de joie* or two and merrily goes to town with the camera clicking. The investment is not in Hollywood figures. There's the cost of the room, a couple of bucks for light bulbs, film costs around sixteen bucks for 400 feet—standard reel length, and he pays the prossie anywhere from eight to fifty dollars. Men, oddly enough, usually work in the film for little or nothing. They're frequently stooges of the producer's, or boys engaged in the racket in some way, and they gaily don false mustaches or beards and act for glory, except where the man has an exceptionally interesting perversion which brings a bit more. The producer works on a fifty-fifty basis with the laboratory which develops his negative. Then he—or his aides—contact all the dealers and distributors possible, taking orders in advance; also one-third of the price which is about eight bucks per print. Thus, before a single print is made, the producer has his investment back and a profit. The two-thirds due is paid on delivery of the print, and that's velvet. One cute trick is the system of delivering all the prints to dealers simultaneously. If he didn't do this the dealer first getting the print would probably rush to a lab and have "dupes"—duplicate prints—made

of *his* print and sell them before the producer could do so. Nice boys.

Naturally, the producer keeps a negative, and keeps making other prints as the demand comes in. On a production cost that usually stays under $100 the return is terrific—for the producer.

And the dealer who surreptitiously slides a can of film at you? He makes from eight bucks up, depending upon how much he can get. The days when such reels brought a minimum of fifty dollars have gone. You can buy titles like *Bachelor Apartments, Krazy Kat House, The Circus, The Lesbian Club, Casting Couch, French Movement, Gigolo Gus, Indoor Golf, Bedroom Secrets* and *The Newsreel* (*With Police Dog*) for as little as fifteen dollars each. Or rent them, three reels for five dollars. With the exception of a few reels made in Hollywood or abroad, practically all of them were produced in or around New York City or Jersey by two or three producers who made plenty. But before you start unpacking your Cine-Kodak or Filmo let me add that every one of those producers is, at the writing, either in jail or awaiting trial. Right now there are no stag reels being made in New York. And the petty-cash guys—the peddlers, and small dealers, make only about twenty to fifty dollars a week on them, and go to jail alarmingly often—or pay fines or "fix" money regularly.

They do tell the story of one stag-film salesman who went to Baltimore to sell films to a well-to-do collector. He had ten reels, and when his customer evinced a willingness to buy them all and asked the price the guy said "Two hundred and fifty," figuring the standard price, then, of twenty-five smackers each. But his customer objected that it was too much and offered two hundred. "Okay," our gallant lad replied, glad that it wasn't a hundred and fifty—which would still have been all right. And then he nearly dropped dead when the old goat gave him a check for two thousand dollars!

But it would seem that the indecent industries, by over-expansion and low prices, have begun to exterminate themselves. Profits, except in a few cases, are small; cops are knocking off dealers and peddlers consistently and the few biggies in the business are all in jail, bringing production to a standstill. It begins to look as though the day will come when, if you are asked: "Read any good books lately?" you'll have to admit that you have read only *good* books lately.

I asked Mr. Sumner what would happen when the movie producers and erotic book publishers were released.

"They'll probably go right back to the same thing," he admitted. So the outlook isn't too bad.

BOOKS FOR MEN

THE SCANDALS OF CLOCHEMERLE. *By Gabriel Chavallier.* Gentleman reader, I give you—a BOOK!

This translation of a French novel that has had all Europe in guffaws for the past year emerges as one of the gayest, gustiest, and most delightfully bawdy books we've ever read. The publishers describe it as "completely irrelevant and unregenerate," and for once they're right. It has a Rabelaisian gusto too seldom discovered in this day of long-faced novelists, and we heartily recommend it to all the readers of FOR MEN—AND MEN ONLY.

Author Chavallier, who writes with masculine vigor and Gallic insouciance, sets his jovial tale in the tiny wine-growing town of Clochermerle, which boasts 2800 highly individualistic inhabitants. Chief of these is Mayor Piéchut, who starts a hilarious and ribald series of events by installing, for the good of the masculine residents, that time-honored French institution, a *pissoir*. From then on, it's good jolly fun, with the town dividing into groups—those for and those against the edifice.

The author's descriptions of his various women characters deserve some sort of medal. In telling of Judith, "Masterpiece of nature," he says: "Her breasts were two lovely promontories. Wherever one looked, one discovered soft open spaces. alluring estuaries, pleasant glades, hillocks, mounds, where pilgrims could have lingered in prayer. But without a passport—and such was rarely given—this rich territory was forbidden ground. A glance might skim its surface, might detect some shady spot, might linger on some peak. But none might venture farther, none might touch. So milk-white was her flesh, so silky its texture, that at sight of it men of Clochemerle grew hoarse of speech and were overcome by feelings of recklessness and desperation."

The publishers are to be congratulated on giving the reading public such a gay, happy volume. They are also to be congratulated on the admirable translation by Jocelyn Godefroi and the delightful line drawings by Julian Brazelton. *320 pp. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.*

ANGELS IN UNDRESS. *By Mark Benney.* Miss Rebecca West, who carries a lot of literary weight in England, calls the author of *Angels In Undress* "a heaven born writer." Mr. Benney may relish the description—we don't know—but his short 26 years, as recorded in his autobiography, have been anything but heavenly.

He was born in London, the result of a casual union between an amiable prostitute and a Jewish bookmaker. Mother, he explains, didn't know much about contraceptives in those days. His earliest years were spent with a succession of foster parents, until his real mother, suddenly conscience-stricken, decided to make a home for him. Her righteousness didn't last very long, however, and from then on young Mark's career was bound up with thieves, thugs, and prostitutes; his education derived alike from reform schools and dives.

All people, young Mark soon discovered, could be divided into two classes,

By TOM DeVANE

the muggs (people, dull for the most part, who *worked* for a living) and the "wide people" (those roistering souls who lived on the profits of the muggs). Naturally he embraced the philosophy of the "wide people"—and from the reader's standpoint, we're glad he did.

There has been a great deal of controversy about *Angels In Undress*: the more suspicious critics suspect a hoax. We are inclined to side with those who believe it is on the level; the book rings with truth. A hoax writer would have elaborated upon the sensational elements of his book and made it shoddy. As it is, Mr. Benney has given us one of the most unusual and remarkable stories of recent times, and one to be highly recommended. *Random House. $2.50.*

MY FATHER'S HOUSE: *An Oneida Boyhood. By Pierre B. Noyes.* During the middle decades of the Nineteenth Century, scandalized ladies and indignant men looked upon John Humphrey Noyes and his "Christian communist" colony at Oneida, N. Y., as creatures of evil. The Oneida colonists were nothing but loose-living men and shameless strumpets—according to their enemies—and their children bastards. Oneida, with its complex theories of "scientific" mating and free thinking, was the most notorious and widely known of all the so-called "free love" communities of that time.

But to one small boy, born in 1870 as a result of a "eugenic" marriage between leader Noyes and a remarkable woman named Harriet Worden, Noyes was not a creature of evil. Neither was he a proper father to his son, Pierrepont, whose first sixteen years are the subject of *My Father's House*. He was kindly, even affectionate on rare occasions, but never paternal.

All emotional relations were disapproved highly at Oneida; mothers gave up their offspring after they were weaned, to be trained in communal life; love between the sexes was not tolerated, except as a means to approved "stirpicultural" babies. Even special friendships between children were frowned upon in the ascetic atmosphere of Oneida.

Author Noyes has written an unusually informative and engrossing account of his father's ideals and beliefs, against the background of the strange communal life of his colony. To a child's eyes, as it now is to our more tolerant sight, the condemned community was a most conventional place—even if the social vision of the elder Noyes was generations ahead of its time. *312 pp. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $3.50.*

A LAMP ON THE PLAINS. *By Paul Horgan.* Book critics have learned to be wary about literary prize-winners. They generally fall into two classes—those who prove themselves worthy of the initial opportunity, and those who dismally fail to fulfill their earlier promise.

Mr. Horgan, author of the prize novel, *The Fault of Angels,* is a shining example of the former group. With his new book, *A Lamp On the Plains,* he takes his place among the first ten contemporary American writers (but don't ask us to list the other nine—we're no fool!).

His new novel is a rich and knowing study of a small New Mexico town and its residents, notably a lad who arrives in a boxcar, numb with grief over the tragic death of his evangelist mother. Danny, this idealistic adolescent, is taken in hand by several benevolent souls, including a garageman, a preacher, a wandering faker known as "Professor" Burlington, and finally a wealthy ranch owner, who sends him to military school with his own sons.

Danny's youthful efforts to adapt himself to these various personalities are beautifully conveyed. Mr. Horgan knows boy psychology. His portrait of the Micawber-like "Professor" is also writing of high order. But mostly we appreciate the author's successful attempt to capture the true spirit of the West, which he does in both idiom and atmosphere. *Harper and Brothers. $2.50.*

BEN ROTH

"I'm glad to do it, Miss Beck, if it's going to make you feel less self-conscious"

ANGRY DUST. *By Nikolai Gubsky.* Russian autobiographies are apt to be gloomy introspective affairs, so we were mildly surprised to find *Angry Dust* an eminently readable book. Introspective, yes—Gubsky admits that he tells the story of how he became *himself*—but the author writes entertainingly, vividly, of the period he knows best, the Twilight of the Tsarist rule and the rise to power of the Soviet.

Gubsky's life has been rich in experience, from his early school days (when he and his schoolmates, at the age of 14, drank heavily and ran after the St. Petersburg courtesans!) to his present exile in England. He is interested in life and living, and has a keen and objective eye for color and romance.

The first half of *Angry Dust* holds perhaps more interest than the latter, in which the author is apt to philosophize too much—and not too originally. We enjoyed his descriptions of casual love affairs, his war experiences, his efforts to start life anew in a strange land.

Incidentally, Gubsky adds yet another seemingly authentic Rasputin anecdote to the collection that seems to grow with the years. *415 pp. Oxford Press. $3.50.*

AWAY FROM IT ALL. *By Cedric Belfrage.* Mr. Belfrage, an English journalist of some note, calls his book "An Escapologist's Notebook," and it's swell reading.

The author, himself an escapologist, defines the word as "one who looks the facts of life in the back of the neck and runs away from them." But one fact he had to face, one foggy day in London, was that he was tired of the hustle and bustle of modern life, and that he wanted to get away from it all. So he ran away.

He ran to Spain, where revolutionary clouds were beginning to gather. He ran to Tel Aviv, and viewed the modern-day Jerusalem with mixed emotions and some prejudice. He ran to Persia and India, but in neither place did he find the peace and contentment he wanted. He ran to Australia, and found it quite terrifying. And finally he made one of the most fantastic journeys of all time in an old steam tug that had been converted into a "yacht"—to the South Seas. In company with its owner—a middle-aged lady of romantic tendencies—her lavender-tinged lover and an old Captain whose choice of epithets would have made even Rabelais gasp with admiration, the author's voyage was one absurd mishap after another.

Finally he landed in Bali, where he discusses the current "breast boom" with compassion as well as indignation, and proceeded to the South Seas, which was even more disappointing. As far as we know, he's still running "away from it all," but we won't mind, if he continues to write entertainingly and keenly about his travels. *415 pp. Simon and Schuster. $3.00.*

MEXICO AROUND ME. *By Max Miller.* Not long ago Max Miller decided to go to Mexico for a vacation. Maybe he was tired of collecting nice fat checks for writing movie stories; maybe he was tired of having people ask him when he was going to write another *I Cover the Waterfront;* maybe he just wanted to get away from it all. Anyway, Mr. Miller went to Mexico, and we're glad he did, because he wrote a book about it.

Now there have been too many books written about our sister republic already—but Max Miller's Mexico is one that most of us will understand and appreciate. It's the Mexico you and I would like to see if we were able to leave our desk and take a nice leisurely vacation. Writer Miller isn't concerned with historic ruins or churches, and he doesn't go D. H. Lawrence on us and prattle about the mysticism of the Aztec religion. All that stuff, reasons Max Miller, can be found in other books about Mexico. He wanted to find a *different* Mexico—and find it he did.

The writer gives us in his new book an admirable and enthusiastic account

of an interesting trip, written in his best reportorial manner—and that's good enough for us! *305 pp. New York: Reynal & Hitchcook. $2.50.*

ARMY WITHOUT BANNERS. *By Ernie O'Malley.* To the long list of novels, plays, and memoirs written about the Ireland of the recent Revolution can be added Ernie O'Malley's brilliantly-written and moving narrative, which gives an amazingly clear picture of those stirring times.

Author O'Malley, a youngster in those adventurous years from 1916 to 1921, writes with the detachment of the true artist, tells his tale without prejudice or hatred. He doesn't wave the nationalistic flag of Liam O'Flaherty and Sean O'Casey, but he perhaps reveals the blazing patriotism of the Irish more clearly and concisely than do his playwright contemporaries.

There are many exciting incidents in *Army Without Banners;* the merciless guerilla warfare between Irish and English; the frantic efforts of the hated Black-and-Tans to stem the increasing courage of the people; the fanatic patriotism of the rebels—yet at no time does O'Malley forget that he is primarily a poet, and a singularly apt one.

This is a book that will appeal to the masculine reader for both its heroic stature and its human, down-to-earth qualities. *403 pp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.*

SUNS GO DOWN. *By Flannery Lewis.* In Virginia City, California, one of the deserted mining "ghost towns" that dot the Sierras, lives Mrs. Nellie Flannery, now past ninety, but amazingly active for her years. Mrs. Flannery has lived there for seventy-five years—and it is California, as seen through her alert eyes, that forms the background of this highly commendable biography.

When Mrs. Flannery, at the age of 16, decided to elope with a dashing young man who hoped to find his fortune in the barbaric West, it meant little to anyone but her surprised New England family. But her arrival in Virginia City, as a youthful bride, meant a lot to the wild, lawless men that made up its population. She was widely known as the "first decent woman in the Comstock district," because until her arrival, the only other women were prostitutes.

In those boom days of 1862, Virginia City was a city of shanties and tent houses, unpaved streets, and adventurers from all over the world. Mark Twain, who was just beginning to write his famous tales of California life, mentioned that the city pointed with pride to the fact that its cemetery held 26 graves—the occupants of which had all been murdered! Dead men on the streets were a commonplace affair, but the young bride never quite adapted herself to the lawless notions of the community. Soon she and her husband occupied a house on top of the Divide, where they could look down on both Virginia City and Gold Hill, and not until then did they feel safe.

Brilliantly written and colorful is Flannery Lewis's account of his grandmother's life; his admiring account of an amazing and valuable life adds much to Americana. *Macmillan and Co. $2.*

THEATRE. *By Somerset Maugham. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.*
THE SEA OF GRASS. *By Conrad Richter. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.25.*
THE SISTERS. *By Myron Brinig. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.75.*
THE ANTIGUA STAMP. *By Robert Graves. Random House. $2.50.*

Here are four current best sellers in the fiction field that are to be heartily recommended to the masculine reader—that is, if he can get them away from his wife or mistress.

Mr. Maugham's new novel, which concerns itself with an aging star of the London theatre, is couched in his accustomed brisk, satirical, and knowing

style. His Julia Gosselyn is a welcome, if at times ridiculous, addition to his celebrated list of literary portraits. *Theatre* combines shrewdness, charm and ironic humor—and it's good reading.

The Sea of Grass, though little more than a short story, is one of the most admirable narratives of the current book season. Conrad Richter gives us an epochal and fast-moving story set against the turbulent background of the historic Southwest, with characters that virtually leap from the printed page—they're that alive.

Mr. Brinig's newest novel is another of those wrist-breaking tomes—it has 570 pages—but it's well worth the effort. In spite of the title, *The Sisters* can be recommended to the male reader for its truthful style, its broad background, its skilfully-drawn protagonists. With this book Myron Brinig definitely establishes himself once and for all as one of the leading contemporary writers.

The Antigua Stamp is a swell bit of fantastic satire, entirely different from the author's *I, Claudius.* Somehow in reading it we were reminded of James Thurber's famous series of cartoons entitled *The War Between Men and Women.* The motivating turmoil between an unscrupulous sister and a caddish brother for the possession of a stamp collection becomes more than that—it's the eternal conflict between men and women since the beginning of time. Author Graves' tongue was probably in his cheek when he wrote this engaging book.

THE MAN WHO DIDN'T EXIST. *By Geoffrey Homes. Wm. Morrow & Co. $2.*
DEATH COMES ON FRIDAY. *By Lillian Day and Norbert Lederer. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.*
JUDGE PRIEST TURNS DETECTIVE. *By Irvin S. Cobb. Bobbs-Merrill Co. $2.*
THE GHOST IT WAS. *By Richard Hull. G. P. Putnam. $2.*
THE 1-2-3 MURDERS. *By Francis Gerard. Henry Holt & Co. $2.*

We don't know what's come over our mystery writers this month; all of a sudden they've decided that violent death is the funniest subject imaginable. And they all go to the most extraordinary lengths to make their horror tales little epics of whimsy-poo.

Maybe we're wrong, but we like our murder mysteries to be just that—and let the professional funny boys take charge of the humor department. When we read about an obnoxious character being shuffled off this mortal coil by being stabbed with a ham-skewer (and that's what happens in one mystery this month) we want to have a nice spine-chilling thrill, instead of a chuckle.

Mystery addicts less crochety than we are will approve highly, however, of the five books listed above. They will especially like Mr. Homes's contribution, *The Man Who Didn't Exist,* in which his engaging and civilized sleuth, *Robin Bishop,* doesn't act as if his mother had been frightened by Peter Pan before his birth.

Death Comes On Friday is a swell yarn, and the new team of Day and Lederer write with humor and skill. We approved of the systematic murder of authors (the writers evidently do, too!), and liked the well-thought-out-plot.

Irvin S. Cobb takes his amiable and admirable character, *Judge Priest* (who already has countless followers) into the realm of sleuthing in his newest tale—and the Judge tackles a murder problem with the same homely dispatch as he does less serious matters. Those who like Cobb's humor (and most of us do) will welcome this, one of his few entries into the thriller field.

The Ghost It Was and *The 1-2-3 Murders* are better-than-average thrillers, even though the author of the former does think that murder and murderers are just too cute for words. Mr. Gerard, however, writes with neatness and skill, and doesn't bother with humor, which gives him an edge on Mr. Hull, in our estimation.

P.S.

ONLY one thing bothers us as we sit here, telephone receiver off the hook and buzzing angrily—not that we're going to pick it up; if we do, we know the printer will yell angrily into our ear: "Where the hell are the last two pages?"

No, the printer and the telephone bother us not a whit, but we are bothered with the necessity of getting a simple fact over to you. That fact is wound up in some way or another with the actual number of words, gross of reading matter, as it were, you get in each issue of FOR MEN—And Men Only.

In other words, just how many words do you think are contained in this handy, pocket-size manual of the male?

We could have a guessing contest, but some literal-minded person might sit down and spend a week counting the words. No, we won't do that. Instead we'll present as pretty a little problem as you'll see in a day's travel:

If you, as the editor, were paying authors a dollar per word for each word in the book, how much money would you spend?

The answer is: $61,979.00.

Now, if your algebra is not too rusty, or you have a slide-rule handy, you can figure out that this magazine contains more reading matter than many full-sized novels—certainly more than many magazines.

There are a great many things we'd like to tell you about the writers represented in this issue. Some of them need no identification—as, for instance: "Comrade" Heywood Broun. Broun, better known as a columnist, would rather be known as a Defender of the Faith, Labor, and the Newspaper Guild. It isn't true that Mr. Broun is conducting a one-man picket against the tailors of the world; he looks that way only because he likes to be comfortable.

One of the writers in this issue will have to be unknown, but we trust he will not go unsung. We refer to the sterling fellow we persuaded to delve into the emotional laboratory of his complex existence and emerge, beakers brimming with practical information on the hazards and hallelujahs of keeping a keptie.

We suppose we could conduct a second contest, one to determine how many persons believe us when we say this yarn is strictly on the up and up. The author is quoting from experience—bitter, delightful, and exhilarating as it is to play with two balls of fire and a Mrs. Frankly, we don't give a damn. Believe it or not—we know it's true.

We suppose, too, there are those who will point a finger of unbelief at the touching little yarn "A Wastrel Rejoices." Point if you care to, but Loring Dowst is the gent's honest name, his experiences are real, his story entirely factual. In fact, he could have told you more—about the partnership he went into with a chap who could and did make unbreakable electric light bulbs, for instance. Bulbs were manufactured and they were really unbreakable. You could throw them against a wall without damage to anything but the wall; and after some of Mr. Dowst's inheritance was spent in manufacture and promotion that Great Buying Public said in a voice of scorn that it didn't want unbreakable electric light bulbs. All in all, we think Dowst got quite a run for his money, and if we could spare $30,000 we'd like to see what he could do toward bettering his old record.

"Didoes of a Dipso" is another of

those pieces drawn from the red-hot crucible of personal experience, and the author, Mr. Smyth, will be glad to tell you the crucible was plenty hot for a number of years until he found the right doc. New York, by the way, is quite stern with alcoholic cases, real or imaginary. A friend of ours once suffered an attack of vertigo on the street. A cop, smelling the odor of two beers on his breath, packed our friend off to Bellevue. In spite of inquiry by the confined man's wife at all police stations, the missing man was not found (or allowed to communicate with the outside world) for three days.

If anyone should rise up and tell you Charles Washburn, the author of "Ballyhooligans," doesn't know of what he writes, you can knock the heckler back into the bleachers with the information that Mr. Washburn was George M. Cohan's press agent and is at present George Abbott's flack, one of the very best public relations men in the country. All of his gags don't work, though. There was the one he cooked up to grab newspaper space for a play he was exploiting, for instance. The play was called "Behind Mahogany Doors," and the whole drama was centered in a famous house of ill fame as actually conducted in our national capital—a house that offered mulatto girls exclusively. With a play so completely centered on the Red Light Industry, Mr. Washburn conceived the idea of packing the opening night audience with Madames from establishments in New York. At a critical moment in the drama one of the Madames agreed that she would stagger to her feet, push her way wildly to the aisle, exclaiming loudly enough to stop the show and for the press to hear: "I can't stand it! I can't stand it! It's *too* real!" Then she was to faint in the aisle and be carried out.

No doubt the stunt would have been one of the most famous in history, but the play was a turkey, folded in rehearsal, and Mr. Washburn is still feverishly trying to find another play on the same subject so he can try out his space-grabbing pet brain-child.

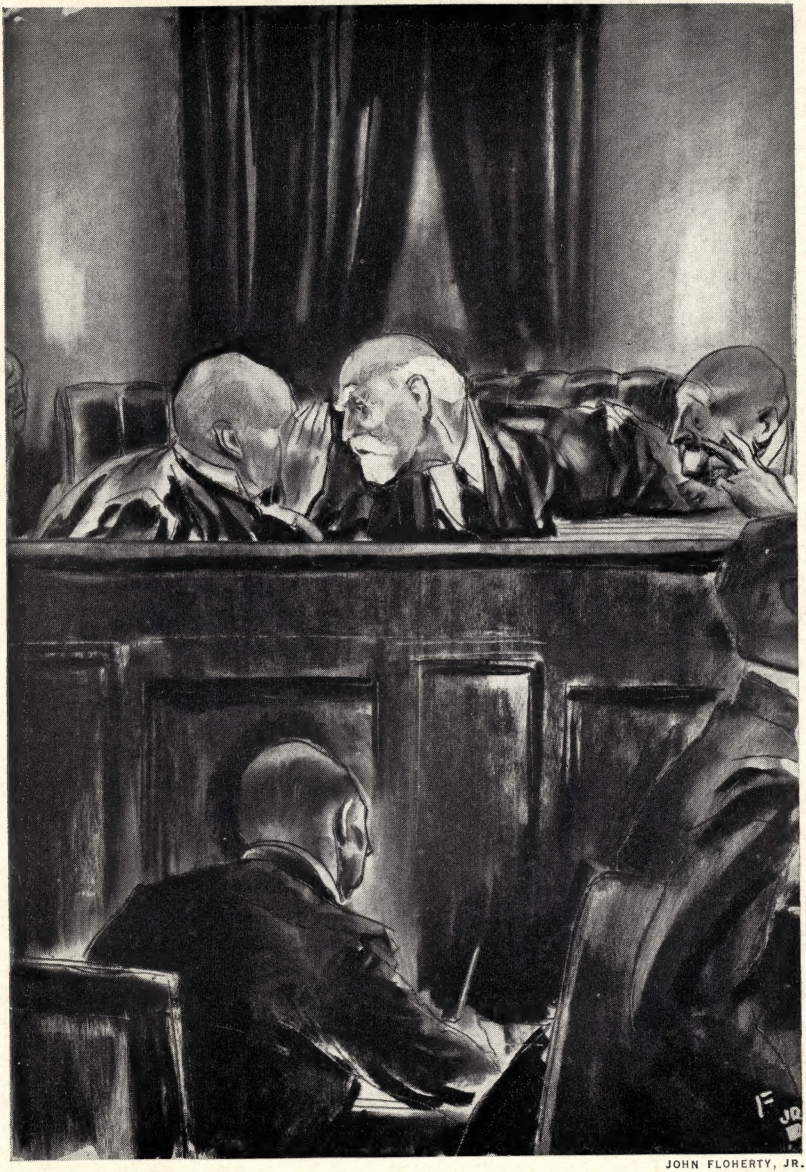
Bert Acosta, we found, was not averse to giving us the story of his experiences as recorded in "I Flew for Spain and Gold." Bert, by the way, is probably the oldest living and flying commercial pilot in the world. He has been flying since 1910—and has had only one crack-up, not including the marital difficulties that from time to time threaten to sling him into that New York institution known as "Alimony Row." Right now he is planning on competing in the New York-to-Paris race this summer. Grand prize $100,000. May he win it, and surely his experience and record make him as good a bet as any.

Don't skim too hastily over Bob Considine's piece on "Punchdrunk Pugs." This represents one of the few authoritative pieces ever written on the subject, composed by a gent who sees plenty of the slap-happy gentry, and mingles as well with the medicos who supplied many of his answers.

"They Die Healthy," representing Mr. Ratcliff's research into the various means of legal murder, will hand you a jolt, we hope. It handed us several, and started us wondering if we were, after all, a firm believer in capital punishment. To be perfectly honest with you, this piece was written on order for another national magazine. Ratcliff delivered the piece. The editor said it was swell, but added: "We wouldn't dare publish it. Letters, you know. It would bring letters of protest, you know. Our readers are rather sensitive about such things."

Now we're wondering how many sensitive readers we have.

So far we've gone along pointing out that this piece and that piece is true. Now we're biting off the whole hunk, to tell you everything in this book, with the possible exception of "I Smell," by Hanley and "Let's Hang Together," by Leonard Hall, is factual. Part of Mr. Hall's charming little essay is strictly true, also—or, if you don't believe it, ask Rubinoff, or his violin.



JOHN FLOHERTY, JR.

"I'm being named in a paternity suit. Won't F.D. be surprised!"

FOR MEN—AND MEN ONLY

is here to stay. Thanks heartily for your eager reception of the first issue, a reception which made newsdealer re-orders necessary the country over. Thanks, too, for the thousands of letters of congratulation pouring in from red-blooded men the world over. As we go to press on this, the second issue, we are still working overtime to answer each of those letters. Letters to the editor will always be answered personally. We value your opinions and respect them.

FOR MEN—AND MEN ONLY

pledges it will never deviate from its announced policy, that "the contents of this magazine are dedicated to MAN, his pleasures, his uncensored reflections, his entirely male outlook, his private knowledge that everything in this world is for his enjoyment."

FOR MEN—AND MEN ONLY

is able to announce now, to the thousands of you who sent money orders, checks, and letters inquiring about subscription rates, that ***FOR MEN—And Men Only*** will accept subscriptions. Those of you who sent $2.50 will receive this magazine for one year. Those of you who sent $3.00 will receive a year's subscription and a fifty-cent refund. ***FOR MEN—And Men Only*** will be on sale at all newsstands the first day in each month. If you wish your copy delivered to your home each month for one year, send $2.50 directly to:

Subscription Department,

FOR MEN

AND MEN ONLY!

22 West Putnam Ave.,
Greenwich, Conn.

NOTE: *Subscriptions will start with the third issue, as the first issue is completely depleted.*

Editorial and advertising office, 1501 Broadway, New York City